

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1991

BLACK LABEL

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LIFE AND DEATH IN THE
FOREIGN LEGION

ALIEN NATION

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 9/September 1991 Black Label Edition



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Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Universal Copyright Co. (1991). Portions reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Ltd., original copyright (1991). Penthouse, Pets, One-Key Logo, and Three-Key Logo are trademarks of Penthouse and are used by permission. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.



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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

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FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Greece: Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tihucan DF 02400; South Africa: Essay Media (Pty) Ltd., PO Box 52234, Saxonwold 2132; Spain: Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9TW.

HOUSECALL

FATAL SHORES

Rock fishing is by far the most dangerous sport in the world. In Australia alone it causes at least 50 deaths every year — and all of those tragedies could be prevented by a bit of education and common sense. On page 26 Paul B. Kidd, Editor of the highly respected *Fishing News* and a seasoned rock-hopper from way back, tells some very sad fishing yarns as a prelude to handing down his Ten Commandments for rock fishing safety. Apply them carefully and there's no way you'll go belly-up.

LEGION OF THE DAMNED

The 6000 members of the Spanish Foreign Legion are known as *los novios de la muerte* — "the lovers of death." They'd have to be — it's the only army in the world where field exercises are done with real machine-gun ammunition and live hand grenades. (And you thought *Crock* was a comic strip?) It's easy enough to get into the Legion, but damned hard to get out. Robert Roche presents a fascinating insight into a twisted ideology, accompanied by stark photography from Jorg Steinert. Turn to page 34.

JOKER IN THE PACK

David Campese is the wild card in Australia's bid to win the Rugby Union World Cup in October. If he's hot, Campese can win internationals practically on his own — as long as he doesn't allow any self-doubt to creep in and short-circuit his precision wiring. On the rare occasions when that has happened, Campese has been crucified by the conservative rah-rah brigade — but how well do their criticisms really stand up in the light of Campese's astonishing try-scoring feats? Senior Editor Greg Hunter examines the pressures exerted by a fickle Rugby Union public on the greatest attacking player of his generation. The David Campese profile starts on page 48.

ALIEN NATION

Australia's Immigration Department fights a losing battle trying to stem the tide of "illegals" — estimated at 100,000 now (up from 60,000 in 1989), and many of them doing nicely in competition with home-grown Australians. Immigration is targeting two alarming growth areas — the phoney marriage racket and the flourishing trade in Thai prostitutes. Norm Lipson and Tony Barnao investigate the lucrative economics of both cottage industries and draw some disturbing conclusions about who ends up with the lion's share of profits from the horizontal toil of innocent victims. Jim Tsinganos created the illustration on page 66.

THE WILD WEST

In the past 12 months three state governments followed South Australia's lead by staging major international motor sporting events. Two of them — NSW with the Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix, and Queensland with its all-singin' and dancin' Indy Car show — ended up diving for cover, while Rally Australia surprised by being the only WA Inc investment that didn't turn bad. Motoring Editor Peter McKay explains how the sandgropers got it right, and previews next month's ball-tearing, bush-bashing extravaganza — a veritable feast of hi-tech grunt — on page 78.



Fatal Shores



Legion Of The Damned



Alien Nation



The Wild West

feedback

On top of it

I'd like to express thanks to Dr Bob Montgomery for his work in *Penthouse*. I always find his advice interesting and educational, especially the article "Pressure Points" (May, 1991) concerning stress management. Dr Bob certainly is "on top of it."

Rest assured, your magazine is appreciated here in Kiwi land. — *Name and address withheld*

Thanks, *Penthouse*

Thanks, *Penthouse* for having those wonderful girls Michelle and Danielle at the Darling Harbour photo show, and please pass on many thanks to them.

For a serious amateur to talk to top models was a buzz, good fun. I did come up with a few shots, considering the situation. How do your photographers produce such good photos when their knees are trembling?

I enjoy your magazine greatly. With *Penthouse* having so many top photographers, do you think maybe you could write some articles on photography, glamor, travel, camera gear etc? I am sure your readers would have some interest in photography — everyone has a camera. — *Name and address withheld*

Offerings

I have previously written to you in connection with the Great Debate held in regard to the couples pictorials in your Black Label edition, to which I subscribe.

I again put computer to paper in this regard, to comment on the recent pictorials — including the June edition — and wish to say how much I have enjoyed the photographic offerings. To say that I was surprised to see that the couple had finally "coupled", rather than just being juxtaposed, is to underestimate my reaction.

On a scale of one to ten the latest edition must rate at least 12.5. You are to be heartily congratulated for publishing such a beautifully prepared and photographed pictorial. The two models appear to be totally enjoying themselves (as no doubt they would be under the circumstances), and the entire display was far and away superior to similar spreads, no pun intended, in other magazines. While the male model leaves one with sense of inferiority in regard to the handing out of



Julie and Oscar . . . fanning the flames

equipment, one can only enjoy the entire presentation.

I have hoped for many months that such a spread would be in the pipeline and only hope that there will be many more such offerings in future issues. — *Bill Williams, Ashgrove, Qld*

More Kiwi magic

In agreement with "Happy Kiwi" of Auckland, it's great to see one of our own beauties, Stacy Burford, in your mag. We New Zealanders would like to see more. We do have a lot of beautiful ladies here. Please keep the Kiwi girls coming. — *Another Happy Kiwi, Wellington*

No sooner said than done: this month's centrefold, Jody, hails from Christchurch. — *Ed*

Interiors

Just a short note to say congratulations. I'm referring to the June Black Label edition and the layout entitled "Interiors." It is great to see that this magazine, good as it is, has finally come of age.

No doubt there are many other sub-

scribers who would agree with me that you have finally achieved the ultimate. Let's hope that it does not stop there, and the great work and pictorials continue. — *R.C. Williams, Edwardstown, SA*

Rise into excellence

I received my June edition of your magazine with very high expectations of another great couples pictorial. However, I was blown out after perusing the sensuous "Interiors" spread. I have been waiting some five years for an action pictorial such as this, and the wait was sure worth it!

Please pass on my congratulations to the editor for having the guts to raise *Penthouse* from a great magazine into truly a class of its own.

Keep up the excellent work, and please keep the likes of Julie and Oscar in similar positions, coming on strong. Great stuff! My wife loved "Interiors" as well. — *Wayne W. Bleakley, Moffat Beach, Qld*

Sharp focus

Your June pictorial "Interiors" was the best yet of your couples spreads. I could just imagine myself in Oscar's place.

Please keep all pictorials in sharp focus. It would be exciting to see the girls in increasing states of arousal as the shots progress.

Keep up the good work. Your magazine gets better with every issue. — *Name and address withheld*

Regular treat

The couples pictorial in the June edition of *Penthouse* Black Label was great. I will definitely be renewing my subscription if they become a regular feature. — *Name and address withheld*

We're working on it. — *Ed*

Bloodcurdling

I've just got my July issue and I had to write in and say that gorgeous Danielle and sultry Candice are two fantastic, exotic women. Wow. Also, the "Profiles in Blood" story was brilliant, with a really bloodcurdling illustration. The shark story, too, was bloody good (sorry), but I don't necessarily agree with Vic Hislop that sharks are on the increase. Some genuine government research ought to be conducted, to clear up the dispute. — *J.C., Narrabeen, NSW*



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WILD TURKEY

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BOSE
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Pussy pupil

Until the age of 16 I hadn't kissed a girl or even been out on a date. But this all changed when I met Amanda, a blonde 32-year-old and the new owner of the house next door. For a time, all I attempted was adoring and longing glances while she was hanging out the washing or doing something in her yard. I spent hours just thinking about what she would look like, naked, spread-eagled before me. One day I found out!

Both my mum and dad were out for the day. I was at home alone and bored, with nothing to do. Until Amanda knocked on the door, asking to use the phone — she was having problems with hers. I stuttered that it was fine and for her to come on in. Christ, even the way she walks is sexy and the sight of her tight arse had my dick rock hard. Embarrassed, I turned away before she saw it.

Amanda finished her call and walked back into the room, breasts swaying gently within her white tube top with each step, thighs quivering ever so slightly in her denim shorts.

Each step toward me was like a loving stroke on my already excited cock, until she stood before me. Then she asked me: "Are you a virgin?"

Shit, I couldn't even think about breathing, let alone answering, but I managed to nod yes. "Perfect," she purred. "Over 16, neighbors and a virgin. I've always wanted to teach younger boys about sex. Would you like to be taught about sex?" Glancing down at my bulging shorts seemed to be the only answer Amanda needed.

She suggested that we go to her house as it was less likely for us to be disturbed. My mind raced with possibilities, my cock strained but I managed to follow her into a large room with a double bed. Amanda turned and told me to remember this room as virginity was only lost once.

"We'll take it slow the first time and keep it to the basics," she said. Slowly, with infinite tenderness, she pressed a kiss against my lips. While my lips and mind were thus occupied, she stripped off my shirt and shorts and finally a pair of stretched and come-stained jocks. To re-



forum

move these, Amanda had gone down on her knees, gently caressing my thighs, balls and dick before taking my seven inches inside her mouth and throat, working it with her teeth, tongue and cheeks until I had an orgasm, filling her mouth with come. After swallowing, she asked if I would go down on her.

Under her direction I kissed, licked and teased her nipples until she directed me down over a flat stomach to a moist pussy. Still following directions, I parted her pussy lips and sucked her clit, provoking a few moans of pleasure, then probing inside with my tongue and fingers until she cried out "yes, more, harder, deeper." Happy to oblige, I continued lapping up her juices and occasionally (at her direction) slipping the tip of a pussy-juice-coated finger into her tight arsehole, until she came a couple of times. I soon had to stop, though, as both my fingers and tongue were bushed, literally!

Looking flushed and sweaty but awesomely sexy, Amanda moved me on to my back on the bed and asked me to "just lay back and let me drive." Amanda slipped the head of my cock between her cunt lips and enjoyed watching me squirm to get further in. Moaning, she slid downwards, slowly working each new inch with her pussy muscles before letting another inch inside. Her next method I could only describe as both fantastic and frantic as

Amanda pounded up and down with seeming indifference to whether she broke my dick off or not.

My orgasm and hers seemed to coincide but it was hard to tell as I damn near passed out from sheer pleasure. And this was "just the basics."

After a quick lunch we were ready again. Amanda lay back and spread her long legs, revealing her pussy in all its glory. Slowly she started to play with her clit, squeezing and kneading her exquisite breasts at the same time, until she murmured: "Slip me that dick." I mounted her and she guided me inside her slippery love tunnel and wrapped her legs around my waist, locking us into a circle of pleasure — me giving, then taking it from her.

My being on top seemed totally different from a female superior position, as I controlled the stroke rate and the depth of penetration. This I enjoyed immensely by rubbing my cock through her bush and over her clit before ramming back inside her. She came before I pumped my cream into her, and then suggested something different — anal sex.

At first I balked, as having shit all over my dick didn't seem that much fun, but Amanda pulled out an unrolled condom and said: "This should take care of any worries you have." I asked for her help putting on the rubber. Once attended to, she placed her pussy just over the edge of the bed and told me to get off the bed.

Following her directions I inserted my dick into her pussy to lube up. Then I turned my attention to her bung hole, holding her by the waist and slowly pushing my way inside. After these initial difficulties it was much the same as normal fucking, except for the added excitement of watching her pump her own pussy with two fingers. Owing to the fact that Amanda had a tighter arse than cunt, I came quickly but she didn't seem to mind.

After bathing together, laughing and splashing and gentle foot massages of dick and pussy, I had to get home before my parents did. But I promised to return for further lessons. — Name and address withheld



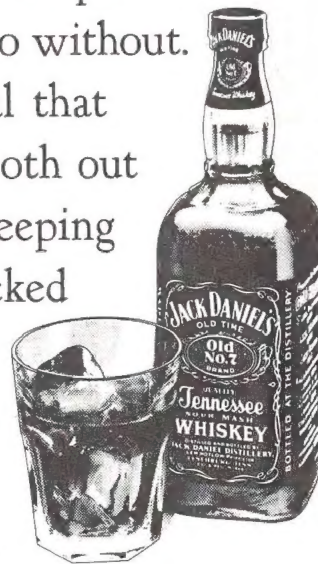
If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, we hope you'll visit us sometime soon.

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Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it's worth a water fight or two.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

forum

Fruits of passion

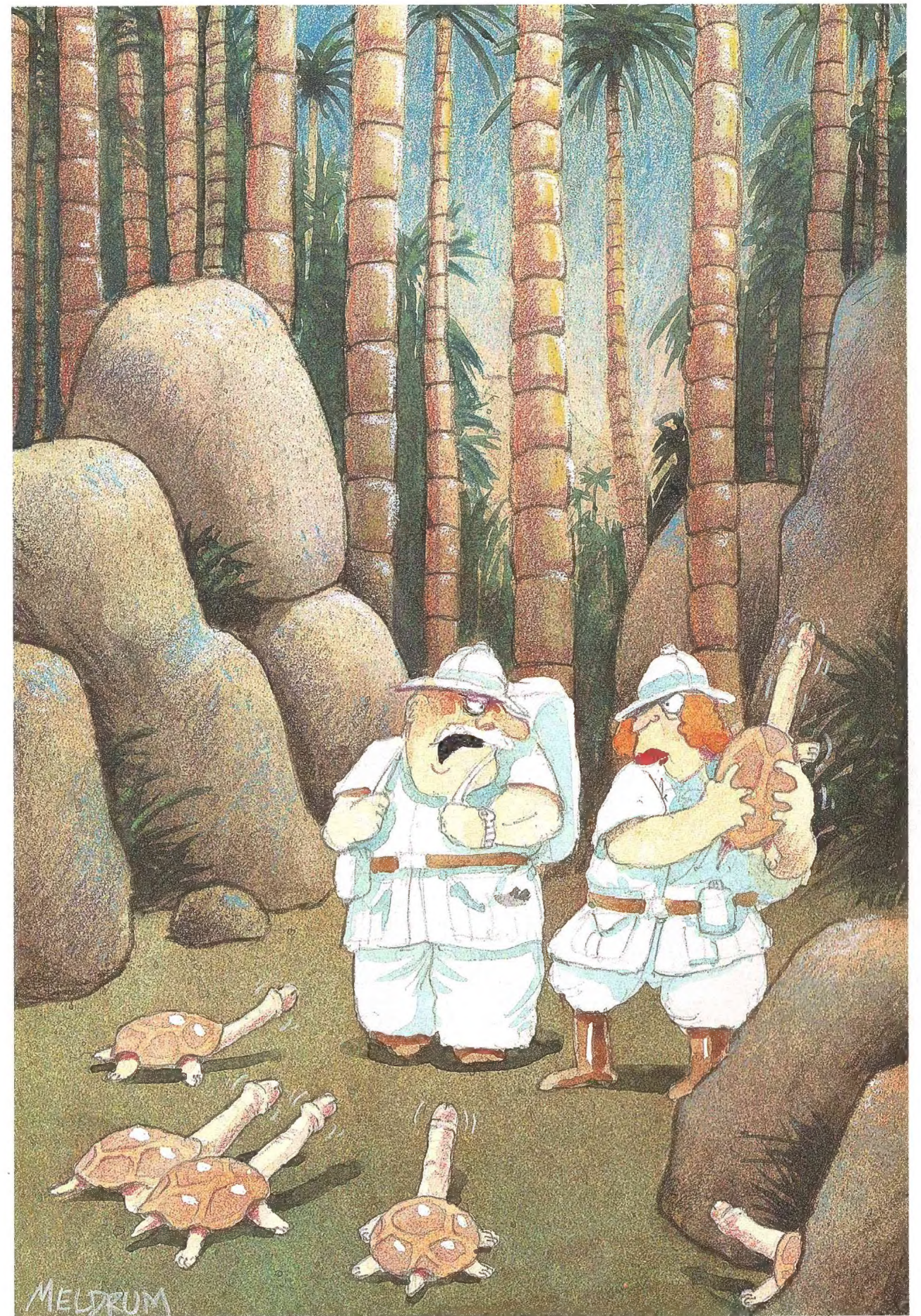
I had just arrived back at my flat after a long drive, and headed straight to the fridge for a cool drink. I grabbed the passionfruit juice and quenched my thirst while I strolled into the lounge. There, I found a gorgeous woman stretched out on my sofa, fast asleep. The mid-afternoon sun streamed in through the windows, soaking the sleeping form on the sofa in warmth. Her long dark hair lay tousled over her face, but I could still see her luscious, cherry lips. She wore only a T-shirt and white panties, and her golden-tanned legs stretched off the edge of the sofa as she lay on her side. She also wore a shiny gold chain around her delicate ankle, and I could see the full swell of her large breasts through her thin T-shirt.

After recovering from my initial surprise, I bent down and slowly applied the lightest of kisses to the inside of her thigh just above her knee. I repeated this several times, working my way up her leg until she moaned very softly. She opened her eyes, meeting mine, and smiled. Languorously she stretched and rolled over on to her stomach, presenting me with the marvelous sight of her firm, smooth thighs and peach-like arse. "Kiss me, please," she murmured. She spread her legs apart slightly and I kissed and licked my way all over the backs and insides of her thighs. Her moans soon began to increase in intensity, until she rolled over, calling me a tease.

I partially raised her T-shirt and began kissing her stomach right down to the top of her panties, paying particular attention to her delicate belly-button. She inhaled deeply and her breasts playfully shifted their weight under the cloth, tantalising me exquisitely. I kissed her on her closed eyelids and sat down on the floor with my back against the sofa. I took another drink from the juice carton I had placed beside me, as she sat down in front of me with her back resting against my chest. She took the juice from me and began to drink, and I slid my hand up inside the front of her T-shirt to cup one of her lovely breasts.

This startled her and she spilled some of the juice to trickle down her chin and neck. Her nipples hardened against my hand and poked against her T-shirt. She leaned her head back over my shoulder, arching her back and thrusting her breasts out invitingly. I squeezed and stroked her breasts through the cloth of her T-shirt with my other hand and, bending, licked the juice from her neck.

She reached down to rub her pussy through her panties. Soon the tempo of her hand increased and the outlines of her labia became visible through her dampening panties as she thrust her pelvis for-



"No Daphne . . . You can't take one home . . ."



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S E X

F R O N T

THE NAME OF THE HOSE

Some men call a spade a spade and others'll call it a bloody shovel. Others still might refer to it as a Spear & Jackson excavation implement. And in their description of this digging device, they will reveal a lot about their character. Anyone got an argument with that?

So what of the most oft-used tool of all? The human penis goes by more names than you could point an ugly stick at. One man's meat, so to speak, is another man's trouser snake is another man's heat-seeking missile. Thus it follows, psycho-linguistically, that each man's choice of term for his urinary/reproductive appendage will reveal much about his personality and inner self.

The following list of penile pseudonyms and accompanying personality profiles is the most recent and authoritative such list in print, mostly because it's the *only* one in print. And, while other magazines frequently run lists of terms and personality analyses that merit the description, this one really is a load of cock and bull. To find out what your penis is saying about you, simply check below.

DICK: If you refer to your reproductive organ in this manner, you are a pretty average guy who most probably works nine to five, enjoys a beer, takes pride in his talent at firing up a barbecue and never fails to notice when the receptionist isn't wearing a bra. Your favorite sexual position is the missionary one, which you favor to the exclusion of all others, except when you're playing up on your wife or girlfriend or entertaining fantasies about the girl on the 8.36am who looks a bit like Nicole Kidman. Then you are a premature ejaculator. You will always regret that time at the 1989 Christmas party when you told the boss he was not an executive's arsehole and your ambition is to win a footie tipping competition.

PRICK: Like the above, you are an ordinary enough bloke who doesn't like making waves unless you're on a

waterbed. You prefer chunky chips to fries, blondes to brunettes, Kylie to Dannii and Vegemite to Promite. You own seven ties, of which you wear only three and you have been given two books of Max Walker humor. You have a healthy though not overactive sex drive which leads you, if you are attached, to perform sex three times

A guide to penis nicknames

a week with your partner, and to occasionally masturbate in the shower. You caught the clap on a Jetabout holiday with your mates to Manila in 1986 and you are thinking of trading in your car.

COCK: You're a bloody shovel man who refers to the act of sexual union as rooting. A macho man with a

better than average collection of power tools, you harbor a sneaking suspicion that foreplay has something to do with golf. You say fuck a lot, scratch your testes in public and you own a bullworker that you never use. You know lots of poofers and abo jokes and you tell lies in the locker room, where you surreptitiously check out the sizes of other men's genitalia. You are extroverted and adventurous, eat blisteringly hot curries and you are afraid of women.

PENIS: You are the kind of straight up and down type who is always very handy when it comes to working out who owes what when a restaurant bill arrives. You are anally retentive, take a lot of showers, know how to iron, have read a few cookbooks and get embarrassed when the talk turns to sex. When it does, you're the only

Illustration by Doug Lockyer



one in the group who knows the correct spelling of "cunnilingus." Not exactly a slave to passion, you are always prepared to try a new sex technique but tend to take the heat off the moment by saying things like: "Now, how about if I penetrated your vagina from this angle?" You are a good catch, you like women and women like you, but they don't throw themselves at you because you're not enough of a bastard.

cook. Except for the occasional verbal outburst in traffic and kick of the lawnmower, you are a calm, predictable bloke. **ROD, WEAPON, SWORD, CHOPPER, ETC:** You are a fan of Sylvester Stallone movies and you're not sure when you last read a book. Something of a sadist, you like boxing and gun shops. You have a morbid hatred of homosexuals but like performing anal sex with women.

TROUSER SNAKE, BEEF BAYONET, PORK SWORD: You are a wag and a party animal who has a collection of Kevin Bloody Wilson cassettes and can recite several complete *Monty Python* sketches. You are secretly very shy, drink a lot, are slightly overweight and, though women like you, you have great difficulty bedding them because your mates always move in after you've done the spadework. You are a faithful spouse, a bit of a bore and a soft touch for a loan. **WEDDING TACKLE, WIFE'S BEST FRIEND:** Contrary to the latter nickname, your spouse is not overly fond of your member as you are a

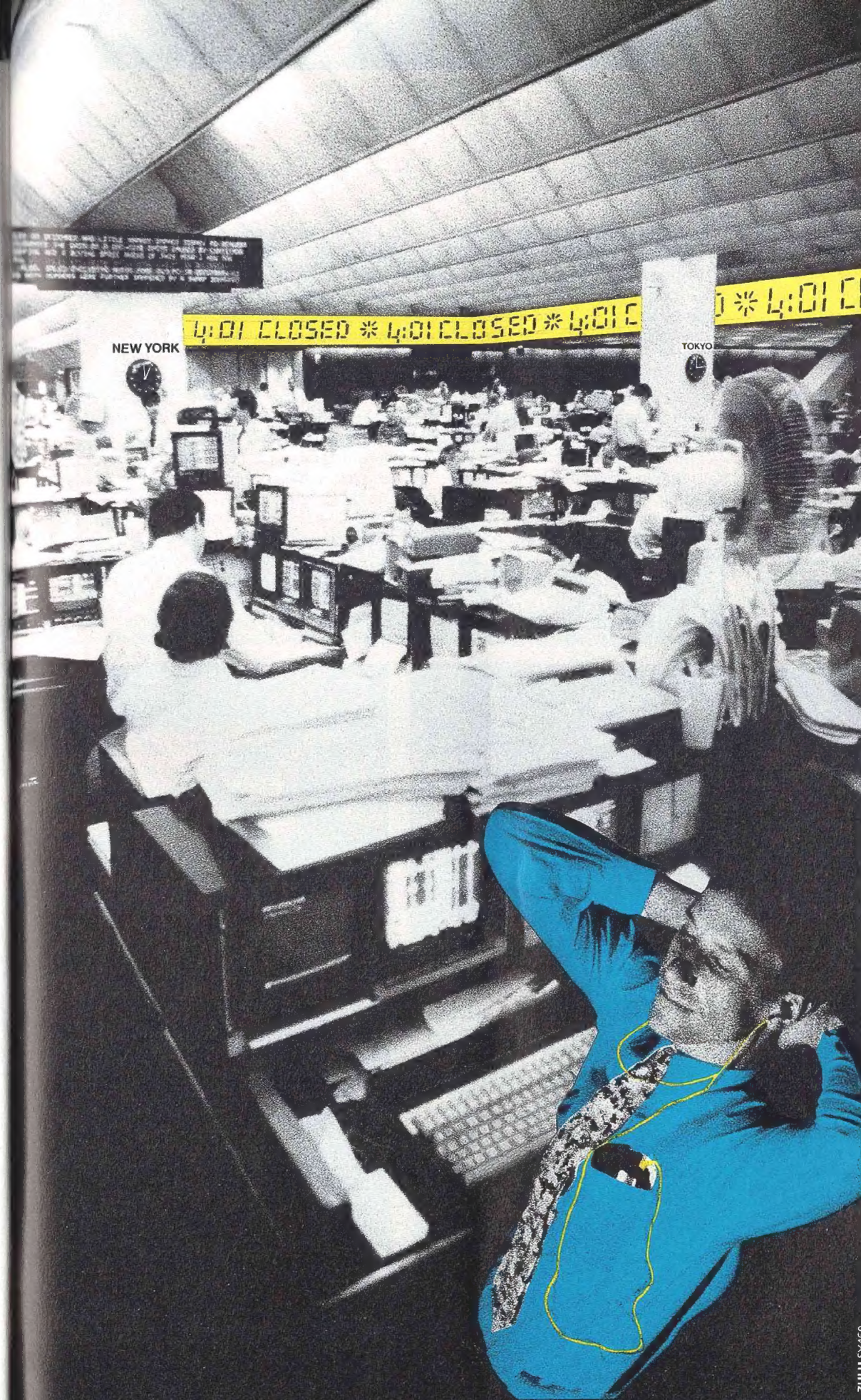
"You are a party animal with a collection of Kevin Bloody Wilson cassettes."

tedious lover. You are an old-fashioned good provider who pats women on the bum and calls them "love." You take pride in your home brew, have a backyard shed containing old copies of *Australian Post*, own an eight-year-old Holden Commodore and have a flatulence problem. Your wife is cheating on you. **TOOL, EQUIPMENT:** You are a no-nonsense pragmatist who's about as passionate and sensitive as a housebrick. A man of few words and no bullshit, you are organised and mechanical in everything you do, including sexual intercourse. You are never short of willing females, however, because you remind them of Clint Eastwood. Your unimaginative bedroom style is tolerated because you are good with your hands everywhere else, knowing how to fix cars, leaking taps, and all those blokey things. **CRIMSON DARTH VADER, SPITTING DOG, HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE, JUNKET PUMPER, LOVE MUSCLE, ETC:** You read too many *Penthouse* Forum letters. — Anita Newman

DONGER, WHANG, MEAT, BABY'S ARM: You've got a biggun and you never let anyone forget it. You masturbated overly as an adolescent, have difficulty sustaining relationships, wear gold chains and never condoms. You are sporty and vain, have lots of mirrors in your bedroom, use too much aftershave and have quite a few pimples on your back. You are considering a hair transplant, are a motor racing fan and you subscribe to a Canberra X-rated video library.

OLD FELLOW: You are getting on in years and thus your nickname for your appendage is apt. You worry about changes in superannuation laws and impotence, in that order. You snore, drink spirits, read finance and fishing magazines, vote Liberal and can't get a handle on this women's liberation mularky. You are an easygoing family man who can't

You have a very fragile male ego, come very quickly, and call women "pussies." You have poor personal hygiene and you drive too fast. You are very good with animals, and never miss a shot. **WILLY, WEENIE, WINKIE, TUMMY BANANA, ETC:** You are an unassuming bloke who fears that he was behind the door when the penises were being handed out. Consequently you are pleasantly attentive of women's sexual needs, without ever getting too fancy. You are good company for men and women as you seldom tip the applecart or pose a threat. You are a big sook who brings out women's maternal instincts, an enthusiastic though hamfisted home handyman, and a good husband. Throughout your life you will never do anything outstanding.



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CRAZY CATS

Sailing down the south coast of NSW in a couple of 16-foot Hobie cats seemed like a good idea at the time. We planned the trip for late summer so we could cruise down this rugged but scenic stretch of coastline with the prevailing nor-easter behind us.

What were the motives of four mid-thirties married men in embarking on this foolhardy venture? Were we trying to prove that the spirit of youthful adventure still throbbed in our veins? Was this a confrontation with the dreaded mid-life crisis, or an escape from the wives and kids? The girls all reckoned we were crazy and asked questions about the status of wills and life insurance. "You'll never make it," they jeered. "Ha!" we replied. "We'll show you."

But just in case of emergency we decided to incorporate every safety feature possible, including a two-way radio, EPIRB, distress sheet, flares, and a surfboard strapped to the trampoline which could double as a liferaft despite the fact that we didn't plan to lose sight of land.

We also refitted the little catamarans before the adventure in our ocean backyard, strengthening the rigging and hulls. Our gear was strapped tight to the trampoline in waterproof packs and Gary and I were without trepidation as we sailed from Long Reef late one Sunday morning just as the nor-easter was beginning to ruffle the surface of a glassy sea.

The plan was to meet the second Hobie crewed by Stuart and Peter,

By late afternoon the nor-easter was howling, knocking the top off the chop. We ran square and surfed the white-caps at high speed past Stanwell Park and down to Bulli, where we tacked hard and beached the boat. It had been an exhilarating day's sailing. We'd covered a good 50 nautical miles and were starting to believe that the rest of the voyage would be a piece of cake. The following day, in tandem with the second Hobie, we skirted wide off Wollongong with the nor-easter still behind us. The cats handled the conditions like a dream and by late afternoon we'd sailed into the shelter of Geroa, where we made a rough camp and crashed.

First light revealed an approaching southerly front. We wisely decided



against battling into it and spent a frustrating day sheltering from driving rain and wind in the beachside caravan park.

The wild conditions hadn't moderated the next morning but we decided to launch into the storm, being over-eager to get on our way. Our little Hobie, which we'd pretentiously named *Makan Angin* (Indonesian for "eat the wind"), punched bravely into the massive southerly seas but we made heavy going out into the middle of Shoalhaven Bay.

Savage squalls lashed the sails

and rigging and huge swells smashed across the hulls. We were now at least seven kilometres from shore and starting to lose sight of our companions, who were also struggling to make headway. Conditions became severe. The little boat was taking a pounding. The sight of an ominous black squall approaching from the south convinced us to head for shore. As we turned we saw the other Hobie upside down another 800 metres out to sea with Peter and Stuart clinging to the hulls. There was no way we could turn around and assist.

We screamed through the surf at the mouth of the Shoalhaven River and sat out the storm wondering about the fate of the other boat. Peter and Stuart were both experienced sailors but we still weren't confident that they'd be able to right their heavily laden cat in such

wild seas. And what were the chances of them landing at the same spot as us on this seven-mile stretch of beach? Amazingly, an hour later, the bright sails of their cat popped out of the low cloud in front of us.

We turned the sails into a tent and endured the storm on the beach. The weather was mild the following morning, and we had a quiet day's sail down to Currarong just north of Jervis Bay. The next day's sailing would be among the most challenging as we would round Jervis Bay and sail past the imposing cliffs of the Beecroft Peninsula. The

Fiesty or foolhardy, taking a Hobie to sea makes top adventure

one thing we didn't count on happened that afternoon. We struggled to pass the entrance to Jervis Bay under the influence of a light and variable breeze, and then we were becalmed. The last thing any of us wanted to do was sail the little Hobies into unknown territory in the dark. So it was out with the paddles. The beach at Sussex Inlet appeared just on dusk and we rode the Hobies into the sand through a turbulent surf.

A powerful two-metre southerly swell was hitting the beach the next morning. Gary and I snuck the *Makan Angin* out between sets. But Peter and Stuart weren't so lucky. Their Hobie was smashed back on to a shallow sandbank by a wave which destroyed both their rudders. They were out of action. It was the end of our trip.

I guess we never made it to Eden. But we did prove that you can have a macro adventure with a minimum of travel and expense. We had failed but we felt good. It took three hours to drive back home from a voyage that had taken us almost a week. The look on my wife's face when she greeted me at the front door said: "I told you so." I didn't give a damn. — Mike Kent



A bit of serious blackmail went down on my home front. I had to promise "Dame Edna", as I fondly refer to my better half, another holiday in Fiji and a guaranteed \$500 to spend on duty-free cosmetics before she give me a temporary release from the bonds of matrimony.

The 16-foot Hobies were considered the best craft for the trip because they don't have centreboards and can be sailed straight up the beach if things get rough and you have to duck for cover.

The Hobie's seaworthiness and stability in the surf are legendary. They've been proven in a variety of gruelling offshore races like the Hogsbreath 1000 on the east coast of the USA.

who lived down Wollongong way, and continue on, pulling into one of the south coast's myriad tiny bays and beaches every night until we reached Eden near the Victorian border.

The wind stayed light at first and we meandered our way through the queue of container vessels waiting for the word to offload inside the harbor at White Bay.

The contrast between urban pollution and the pristine desolation of the Royal National Park's coastline was emphasised by the appearance of an abundance of seabirds. They arced inquisitively around us, then flew off after concluding that our tiny craft was not likely to be a source of food.

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ACROSS THE ROOF

A stone hut stood beside the barrier. Alone on the high plain, the outpost would have looked funny if it wasn't so rough-hewn and desolate. Inside, three dark customs officers huddled around a pot belly stove.

"What do you want?" asked one.

"I want to enter your country."

"Why?"

"I'm told it is beautiful."

"Where are you going?"

"To Mokhotlong, by nightfall. Then Oxbow . . ."

"You know the winter is coming?"

"Yes."

"Be careful. The last truck has gone through. There'll be no-one else today."

Passport stamped, I returned to my bike. Behind me, to the east, lonely brown valleys became lowlands and vanished into the afternoon haze that hid the Indian Ocean. Ahead, beyond the plain, was a chain of black mountains. A quiet wind blew from the mountains, shaking small flowers that squatted behind the stones like shivering children. After starting the bike the officer emerged to raise the boom. I slowly released the clutch, and entered the Kingdom of Lesotho.

In the south-east of Africa, set within the country of South Africa, sits Lesotho, a small "independent" African Kingdom. It is about 240 kilometres long and 160 kilometres wide.

I'd ridden the XL 500 Honda 1300 kilometres south, from Zimbabwe, where I was teaching in a high school as part of an Australian aid scheme. These were the term holidays and I'd heard Lesotho (pronounced L'-soo-too) was worth the trip.

No part of Lesotho drops below 900 metres and much of it is over 3000 metres. It snows during the winter in the high places. Its people, the Basuto, are noted for the brightly colored blankets they wear around their shoulders, and for their intricate, conical, woven-grass hats. One of these hats, which look like Asian coolie hats, is on the national flag.

The track ahead of me was about 320 kilometres long, winding through the high, remote, northern end of the country, its altitude varying from about 2400 to 3300 metres. The area is the highest continuous region in Africa, and is known as The Roof Of

Africa. It would take two days to cross.

Up in the passes I discovered that the vitreous sheen on the high rock faces was ice. Shepherd boys on shaggy horses appeared above me, gazing silently from the often misty slopes, most of them with only that ubiquitous loose blanket to insulate their skinny brown bodies. Twenty-four hours earlier I'd been back east, lying on a warm beach in Transkei, a tribal homeland on the south-east coast, just below Durban. It was pleasant: warm beaches, rolling green headlands, grazing cattle.

But altitude had changed all that, and now I was a couple of hundred kilometres north-west of there, crossing bridges high above raging

torrents, riding over passes where the horizon was a circle of wind-scoured peaks and ridges, and then through deep valleys, quiet as cathedrals.

After four hours of slow travel through about 160 kilometres of mountains, valleys, torrents . . . and cold, I reached the small town of Mokhotlong. The sun was setting, lighting the orange bellies of the clouds, and the sides of the scattered dwellings.

Women, children, dogs and chickens watched from doorways, the area having a lack of men that is typical of homelands. The men have to spend much of their time working in South Africa to earn money for their families.



Photo by Jane Burton-Taylor



Photo by Larry Mounser

The town had many large vehicle repair shops, some containing the 4WD trucks that were used to bring supplies to the area. There was a church — an A-frame structure with a barbed wire fence. An old man walking from there advised that I might be able to stay in the convent.

The convent — several long single-storey cement buildings — was back a few kilometres, right up on the other side of the valley, looking more like a high altitude research station than a religious establishment. I had the place to myself, and I was glad I wasn't in my tent; during the night there was a violent storm, the lightning so frequent you couldn't tell which clap of thunder belonged to which flash of light.

On the beginning of the second day blue sky was visible through the curtains. Maybe the storm was a dream. But once outside I stopped mid-stride. The ridge-tops, all around the valley, were dusted with pristine snow. Despite its beauty, riding through the snow in the deserted ranges was difficult, and at lunch time I stopped before a crest to avoid the wind, calculating that the ridge was the highest before Oxbow. Behind me ridge after ridge for miles was covered in the lovely white stuff, looking more like Switzerland than Africa. It was May, the beginning of winter. (If you're travelling here at this time of year a 4WD might be better than a motorcycle!)

I had goose bumps by the time I crested the top of that ridge. I gambled that the next one would be the last.

It wasn't, and by that stage sleet was making stripes through the ice on my rear vision mirror. And riding in the snow was using much more petrol than expected. I was bracing myself, trying not to shiver. The pain in my fingers from the cold was like canings I'd received as a school boy.

But after a couple of hours of this the track finally dropped below the snow. A four-wheel drive came from the other direction.

"This the Oxbow road?" I asked, through chattering teeth.

The driver said it was only ten kilometres further on, and then wound up his window, blocking the sound of his blower heaters.

But after that distance the road

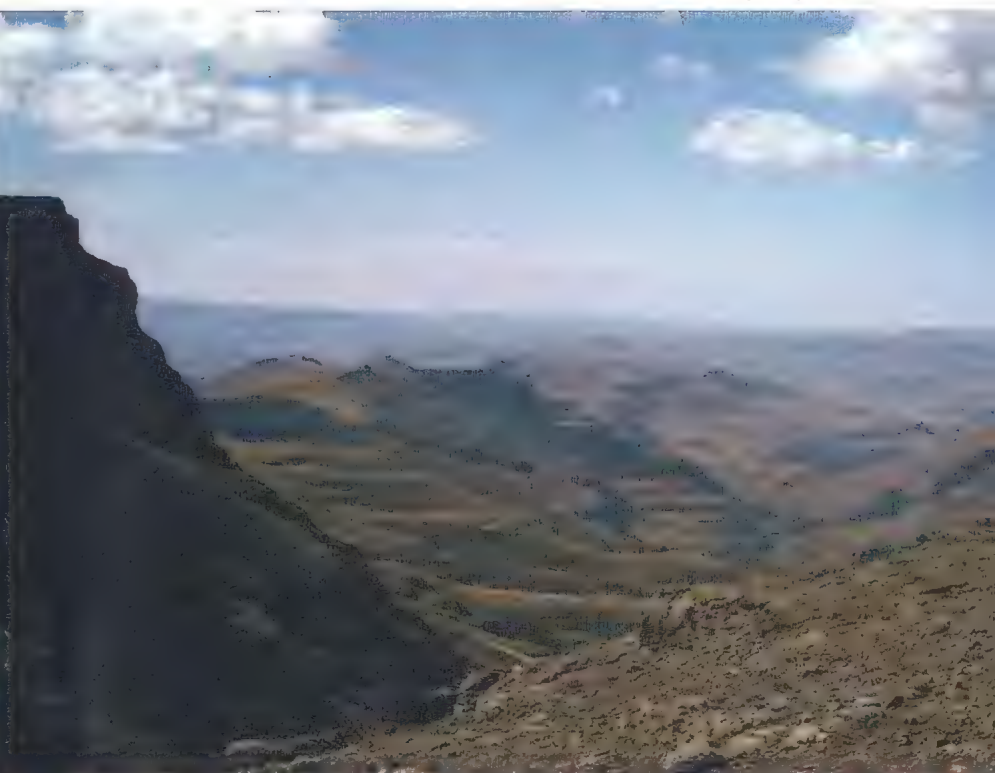


Photo by Larry Mounser

Exploring Africa's high country by motorbike

still ran through the low grey tundra. I was scared I'd missed a turn, and was going to be found the next day, frozen to the saddle. At 27kms there was another high pass, up through the dark rock, but I didn't have enough petrol to turn back. Luckily there was no snow there, though thick ice lay on pools beside the track.

Finally the track plunged through miles of switchbacks, so I turned off the motor and rolled down into the warmer air, off the frozen tundra and past grasses that waved in the breeze. The dry lowlands of Lesotho spread out through breaks in the mountains.

Forty kilometres from where that idiot had said ten, there it was: a quaint wooden two-storey hotel. I'd thought Oxbow was going to be a town. Still, there was petrol in the bowers, and hot soup in the kitchen.

I'd made it off the Roof Of Africa.

— Larry Mounser



Photo by Larry Mounser



Photo by Jane Burton-Taylor

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Market research is a major intellectual industry and millions of dollars are spent each year studying market trends to justify investment decisions. Yet one of the best sources of market information — a database, if we want to be flash — is your common old Saturday morning newspaper.

There, in the classified ads, is the market. Study those pages — at a leisurely pace, mind you — over time and the information becomes obvious: you'll know what's selling, where and for how much. These are the variables that Unilever pays A.C. Nielsen a million bucks a year to discover. The ordinary punter can have it for just a few bucks a year.

It is raw data, but that's what you want. By the time you read an article headlined: "The New Way to Make Money," that way is no longer new and there's not much room left. Have you ever met a rich journalist? And they're the blokes who write those stories, so they know about the new ways of making money even before

is, the ordinary blokes — put their money in residential property, usually flats. This is because most of us understand flats. The consequence of this is that the home unit market is liquid (ie, lots of buyers and sellers) but with a bias to the supply side, ie, demand is large, which keeps prices high. This affects the yield, which is the return on the money invested. Because home units are fairly safe, easy to manage and everyone wants one, yields are low: five to six percent a year is a fair yield for a good residential property.

But a keen student of the classifieds will soon learn they can do better than five to six percent. They will see industrial properties (factories, showrooms, warehouses) yielding ten, 12, 14 percent; and offices yielding ten to 11 per cent or more. These are the fields of the professional investor.

The yield also reflects risk. A 100,000 sq m factory building can take a little longer to find a tenant for than can a nice two-bedroom home

without leaving the house. For example, if you notice that, over a period, there seem to be more shops in suburb A coming on the market at what seems to be generous yields, you don't have to be a subscriber to *Grocery Store News* to suspect that a big new shopping mall has opened in the district.

Another example: on your way to

Hot investment tips are as far away as your weekend paper

work each day you pass by, say, St Kilda Rd and notice all the office blocks going up all the time but you notice from the classifieds that St Kilda Rd office space is only advertised a couple of times before disappearing (presumably because the space has been let). From that you can conclude that St Kilda Rd office space is in demand.

But more, you can see where frustrated demand is likely to go to. If prices in the suburbs to the north of the popular area are higher than prices in the suburbs to the south, then you can conclude that, for whatever reason, the punters prefer the northern suburb if they can't get into St Kilda Rd itself and therefore the northern suburb is probably a safer investment than the southern suburb. All that, without even looking at a street map!

Obviously, it is advisable to get off your bum and check things out, especially if you're going to put money up. You could find that nobody wants to rent in the southern suburbs because it's full of panel-beating shops and stinking factories; or the northern suburb is up the hill and therefore has better views; or has a more understanding council; or has better access from the suburbs.

Whatever, the reason is only part of the story — the trend is the guts of it. As they say on the futures market, "the trend is your friend" and that's what you learn from the classifieds — where the action is. — David Quicksilver

unit. Shops in decaying shopping strips will be bought at high yields because once the lease is up the shopkeeper may move out and the owner may have trouble finding someone to take over.

If you combine perusal of the classifieds with use of your own eyes and a bit of driving about, it shouldn't take you long to get to know these risk factors. But the newspaper can help you discover the trends in risk

you do. No, my friend, you must work it out for yourself. It's not too hard.

Real estate is the obvious example. Peruse the real estate classifieds each weekend — or maybe during the week — for a couple of months and you'll soon get an idea of the market. It can be done from a lounge chair with music in the background and a Scotch by your right hand.

Most real estate investors — that

Illustration by Amanda Upton



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◀ A touch of class in the 35mm compact camera business comes from prestigious German manufacturer Rollei. The Prego AF is a pocket-sized baby equipped with a high-quality 35mm f3.5 Rolleinar lens. Focusing and exposure control are automatic as is flash operation, but there are provisions for those who want to be arty about their lighting, including a "bulb" setting for long exposures. The 195g Prego is motorised and even offers a professional facility such as continuous frame advance for action sequences. For \$429 you can have a goof-proof camera without looking like a goof.



▲ The Mju-1 is a true pocket-sized picture-taker from Olympus (it's pronounced "mew"). It's just 37mm in depth and 117mm long with a neat little clamshell cover to protect its privates when not in use. Despite the tiny-tot looks, the Mju-1 is equipped with some serious photographic artillery including dual-zone metering so that it's not fooled by backlighting. Everything is automatic (including the flash) and the 35mm f3.5 lens is a crisp little performer which focuses down to just 35cm for close-ups. A liquid crystal display tells you everything you need to know and there's even a self-timer for the narcissists. From R. Gunz (Photographic) at \$315.



The latest brand name to appear on a video camcorder is that of Japanese photo company Minolta. The first model available Down Under is the diminutive 506E, an 8mm-format unit which weighs just 900g, but is packed with goodies. At the business end there's a 9-54mm f1.8 power zoom and the production of a good-quality video is made easy via fully-automatic operation. Creative facilities include a high-speed shutter, multi-colored titling, an intervalometer (for making time-lapse sequences) and hi-fi stereo sound recording. You can do it in the dark too, since the 406E can operate in light levels of just four lux (that's dark, man). The price tag is \$1995 from selected video and photo retailers.



▶ Like an electronic version of Pearl Harbour, the Japanese craze for *karaoke* is sweeping the county, resulting in an invasion of audio/video components for those who wish to indulge. Yamaha's CDV-1200K is one of the most sophisticated as it plays all laser discs from CD-singles to 30cm video discs. The latter enables the words to be shown on a TV screen in case you're a bit rusty on *Old Man River* or *I Did It My Way*. There are two microphone inputs and the recording's voice track is automatically muted when you start singing. There's even a surround sound facility so the assembled victi... er, audience can hear you from four speakers instead of two. Hours of family fun for \$1499.



◀ If you're at all serious about making home videos, Canon's new EX1Hi is very good news indeed. What makes this model different from any other is the provision for interchangeable lenses. Canon is initially offering 8X and 15X zooms. What's more, you can fit 35mm EOS system lenses via an adaptor which maintains full autofocus and auto-exposure control facilities. Pretty clever stuff. So is the EX1Hi camera, since it boasts Hi8-format picture quality, hi-fi stereo sound, digital special effects and a host of creative facilities including a 1/10,000-second shutter and built-in two-page title generator. This is the goods for the video enthusiast, but don't expect much change out of \$4000 for an EX1 with the 8X zoom.



▲ Shoot to thrill with Hitachi's VM-E16, an 8mm format video camcorder which also records dynamic hi-fi stereo soundtracks. For \$2299 you get an 8X power zoom (spanning 8.7-70mm), programmed exposure control, built-in titling with a choice of eight colors and a high-speed shutter guaranteed to freeze Carl Lewis in full flight. An external LCD screen tells everything you need to know and warns when you're running out of tape or battery power. Camera recording and the main playback functions can be operated via a remote controller so you can be in on the action as well. Distributed by Hitachi Sales Australia.



▲ Fatter tubes actually help the Cannondale SC600 road racing bike lose weight. Hand-fashioned from aluminium, the increased diameter of the tubes allows a thinner gauge which results in a total frame weight of just 1.3kgs. The front forks are also aluminium which makes the SC600 extremely nippy and manoeuvrable. The running gear is Shimano's 105 SC group which includes an index shift gearchange, 21 speeds and super-responsive brakes. The American-built SC600 costs around \$2100 from Two Wheel Imports.

ON TOP OF IT — BY DR BOB MONTGOMERY



Captain James Cook discovered the Cook Islands in 1773 and Great Britain honoured him by naming the islands after him.

A circular commemorative coin is shown against a dark background. The coin features a map of the Cook Islands in the center. The words 'CAPT. JAMES COOK' are inscribed along the top inner edge of the coin. The value '\$50' is inscribed at the bottom right. The coin is surrounded by a decorative border.

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*Paul B. Kidd is the Editor of Fishing News

BY PAUL B. KIDD

Fatal SHORES

Ballooning, bungee jumping, abseiling, and even the challenging Irish sport of javelin catching don't come close. Each year at least 50 anglers around Australia lose their lives in rock fishing-related tragedies.

Every summer it's the same old story — "Angler Swept To Death" or "Police In Daring Cliff Rescue." The majority of the deaths involve new chums to our shores — usually Asians or Europeans with little or no knowledge of treacherous ocean waters. Seasoned rock hoppers will all tell you the same story: use a bit of common sense and there's no way you can kill yourself.

Steve Davies, three times NSW rock fishing champion, confirms that the fatality rate is a result of "sheer ignorance."

**Rock fishing is by far
the most dangerous
sport in the world**



Sydney water police in a familiar role — gaffing the body of a rock fisherman off Sydney Heads.

Fatal SHORES

Davies observes: "It's very rare that an experienced rock fisherman comes to grief; it's always someone new to the game. Trouble is, the silly pricks won't listen. They fish hazardous ledges in mountainous seas in heavy clothing that waterlogs and sinks them like a brick. Only recently I sprung a team of Japs fishing the ex-

tremely unpredictable headlands at North Bondi, and all of them were wearing thongs. Can you believe that — rubber thongs on slippery rocks? I tried showing them my special shoes with the metal non-skid cleats on the bottom, but they just laughed. It would take one of them to drown for the message to sink in."

Davies has witnessed what every rock hopper dreads — a drowning. "It was about 15 years ago at Yellow Rock [at

Malabar in Sydney]," he recalls. "It's the most infamous rock fishing spot in Australia, probably the world. The ledges run right down into the water and at high tide the waves roll past you and grab you on the way back. The place is normally crawling with trevally, niggers and bream due to the nearby sewage outfall. This day was pretty hairy and there were only about ten of us where there would normally be 150 anglers. As the waves got bigger with the

waving his arms and calling for help. It was obvious he couldn't swim either. So, short of diving in, there was little we could do except try to throw a safety rope to him and drag him back. Too late. It took the water only minutes to get to his heavy clothes inside the oils and act as an anchor, and then he was gone. They found the body a couple of days later floating off Botany Heads a few miles south. He should still be alive."

True, but short of putting these lunatics under arrest, how do you stop them? The case of the three anglers at Sydney's South Head late last year is another example of total stupidity. They scaled down an 80-metre cliff face at ten o'clock at night in a raging southerly gale. The storm got worse and they found themselves separated from their escape route by huge waves and torrential rain. After two days their families rang the police, who had to go out and rescue them in the middle of the apocalypse. It took the police rescue squad, a helicopter and the water police to get those dopey bastards out of there. The general opinion was that the authorities should have left them there, hungry and huddled up and miserable, to make their own way home when the gale subsided. It would have saved a lot of risk and public money. To add insult to injury, when they were interviewed later on national television one of them whined in broken English because the police wouldn't let them bring up some fish they'd caught.

You'd think that highly publicised incident would have been a deterrent to any other novices. But no. Only a matter of weeks later, an Asian man was swept from a spot only metres away and drowned. He left a distraught young wife weeping at the top of the cliffs.

Rock fishing deaths are so common that most of them don't even get a mention in the media. And the circumstances are usually the same: an inexperienced angler from another country, usually fishing alone

"Rock fishing deaths are so common that most of them don't even get a mention in the media."

rising tide we moved back accordingly — all except this one guy who braved it out right at the front. We called 'Wave' to him several times, but he ignored our warnings to fall back. To make matters worse, he was dressed in a heavy yellow oilskin suit, the type of clothing more suited to a trawler captain in a hurricane. Underneath the oils he had a thick jumper and trousers — an instant disaster kit.

"Next minute he was in the drink,

in a notoriously dangerous spot in rough or unpredictable seas, and almost certainly a non-swimmer.

A lot of experienced anglers take a tumble from time to time and wind up in the drink. It usually happens when the fish really come on the bite, the anglers get carried away with landing them, and self-preservation becomes secondary. But these experienced fishermen know how to handle themselves should they be swept

Fatality Facts

- About 100 people drown in Australia annually. An average of 50 of these deaths are directly related to rock fishing.
- Of those fatalities, 90 percent involve Asians or Europeans.
- Most are non-swimmers.
- Nearly all fatalities occur in rough seas.
- None of the victims was wearing recommended rock fishing shoes.
- Most of the victims were wearing heavy clothing that waterlogged quickly.
- None of the victims was wearing a flotation device.
- Not one death was caused by gear failure or the fault of another person.
- Every death was directly related to human error.
- Every one of the victims would still be alive if they had adhered to the basic rules of rock fishing.

away. They wear minimal clothing and remove it as soon as they hit the water. They then swim away from the rocks and tread water where they can be easily reached by rescue craft. Most would be wearing a thin, brightly colored flotation vest that will support them and make them easy to spot from the rocks and from the air. Help is usually very swift, depending of course on the location. The flotation vests available these days will keep the average-sized angler afloat for many hours so he can survive even if he suffered a serious injury in the fall.

But for every one of these sensible chaps, there are any number of ignorant and ill-prepared rock hoppers. The most qualified member of the Sydney water police, Constable John Whitehead, says he's sick of pulling dead men out of the water. "Of the 24 deceased we dragged out last year, 50 percent of the deaths could be directly related to rock fishing. And that's only in our area, from Long Reef to Coogee. Broken Bay reported another four and there were at least three in the southern area covered by the Sans Souci water police." That's a total of 19 for the Sydney Metropolitan area alone.

"We found a young Vietnamese guy floating off the sewage outfall at Bondi, hanging on to an upturned plastic bucket," Whitehead recalls. "He'd been in there for 12 hours until someone on the golf course at the top of the cliffs spotted him and rang us. He'd climbed down the rocks at midnight, alone, and fallen in. Luckily he grabbed the bucket. He couldn't swim and was wearing heavy clothing."

The water police have super-quick twin hull boats that can get to any tragedy in their area in about half an hour, depending

Fatal SHORES

on the sea. "We'll go out in any conditions," Whitehead says, "but it's usually too late. They're gone in minutes and can surface anything from three days to three weeks later."

"One guy went in at North Head and we searched for him every day. We knew he had to be there because his family reported him missing and we found his car and fishing gear. He popped up exactly three weeks later, hideously bloated to about three times his normal size. They're the worst ones because they're full of gas and can explode and sink immediately. It's not a pretty sight after the fish and crabs have had their share. As with most of the victims, he was wearing a heavy wet-weather suit with thick jumpers on underneath. He would have been on the bottom in minutes. He was also fishing alone."

"There are no laws at all to threaten these people with. Nothing like 'Causing public mischief' or 'Trespassing' applies. It's something that you simply cannot police. There has never been a decline in deaths and it's likely there never will be."

Rock fishing is the only ocean-based pastime that has remained as dangerous as it ever was. Fishing boat tragedies, in particular, are declining every year. The offshore rate of rescues has diminished rapidly due to hard-nosed education by

the Volunteer Coastal Patrol, boating clubs and magazines, marina safety support groups and modern technology.

Moves are afoot to issue educational brochures in ten different languages for rock fishermen, but where do you distribute them? Most of the people at risk don't frequent tackle shops or fishing clubs, so how do you get to them? People born in Australia have an inbuilt awareness of the ocean because they're brought up with constant reminders of its dangers. Most foreigners don't.

I've seen people fishing in the most appalling conditions, yet with maximum safety. I've also seen people fishing in excellent conditions, but in grave danger of losing their lives. There are ten basic rules to rock fishing. Apply them carefully and you'll live to tell many a fisherman's tale.

1. Have a good look at the spot you are going to fish for at least 15 minutes. (Naturally, if it's dead flat and there's no sea movement this is not necessary, but if the sea is in any way bitchy it's worth a few minutes.) It's not the constant waves that get you, it's the one that can build up under your nose due to a large backwash from a previous wave. If the spot looks in any way dangerous, give it a miss.

2. Never under any circumstances fish alone.

3. Always let someone responsible know where you're going. If you get trapped or fall in, at least they'll know where to start

looking for you.

4. Don't ever turn your back on the sea. Keep looking over your shoulder and have your escape route planned ahead should that rogue wave come at you.

5. The right footwear is vital. Sandshoes or sandals with metal cleats are best. These can be fitted at your local tackle store. Old golf shoes with spikes also give excellent traction. Definitely out are thongs, sandshoes, leather-soled shoes, rubber boots and bare feet. Rock fishing without the correct footwear is like porking a street hooker without a condom.

6. Never fish side-on to the sea or next to a crack or gutter that creates turbulence that can sneak around behind you.

7. Wear brightly colored light clothing. A pair of shorts and a thin flotation vest are the ideal combination.

8. Whatever you do, don't let kids near rock ledges. Children and the sea don't mix and they should be kept under strict supervision at all times.

9. Always carry about 100 metres of safety rope to throw out to any victim.

10. Don't dive in after someone in heavy seas unless you're an Olympic class swimmer. Just about every time a fisherman does this it winds up as a double fatality, because handling a non-swimmer in rough conditions is extremely difficult. Also, try to educate new chums. Point out to them that the Pacific Ocean does not behave like a bathtub. 



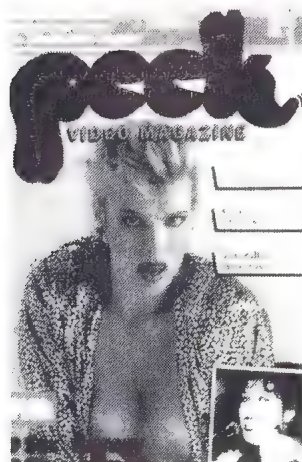
"Do you think you could hand me a screwdriver without losing your concentration?"



"If you ask me, I think our government is getting a little too conservative."

The Mature Media Group

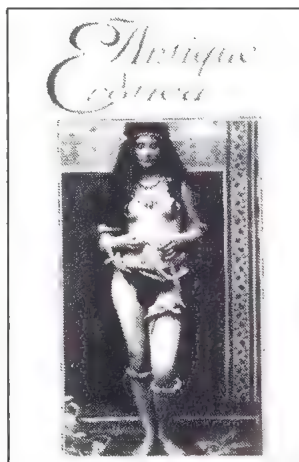
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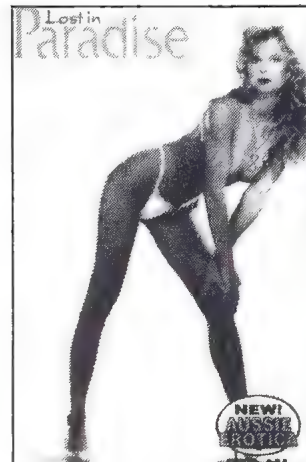
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

DIAMOND LIGHT

Dawn West, 18, says she was always a naughty girl. "When I was younger I was supposed to be Alice in the school production of *Alice In Wonderland*. But I wanted to be the caterpillar, so I dyed my hair blue. My mother was absolutely acid!"



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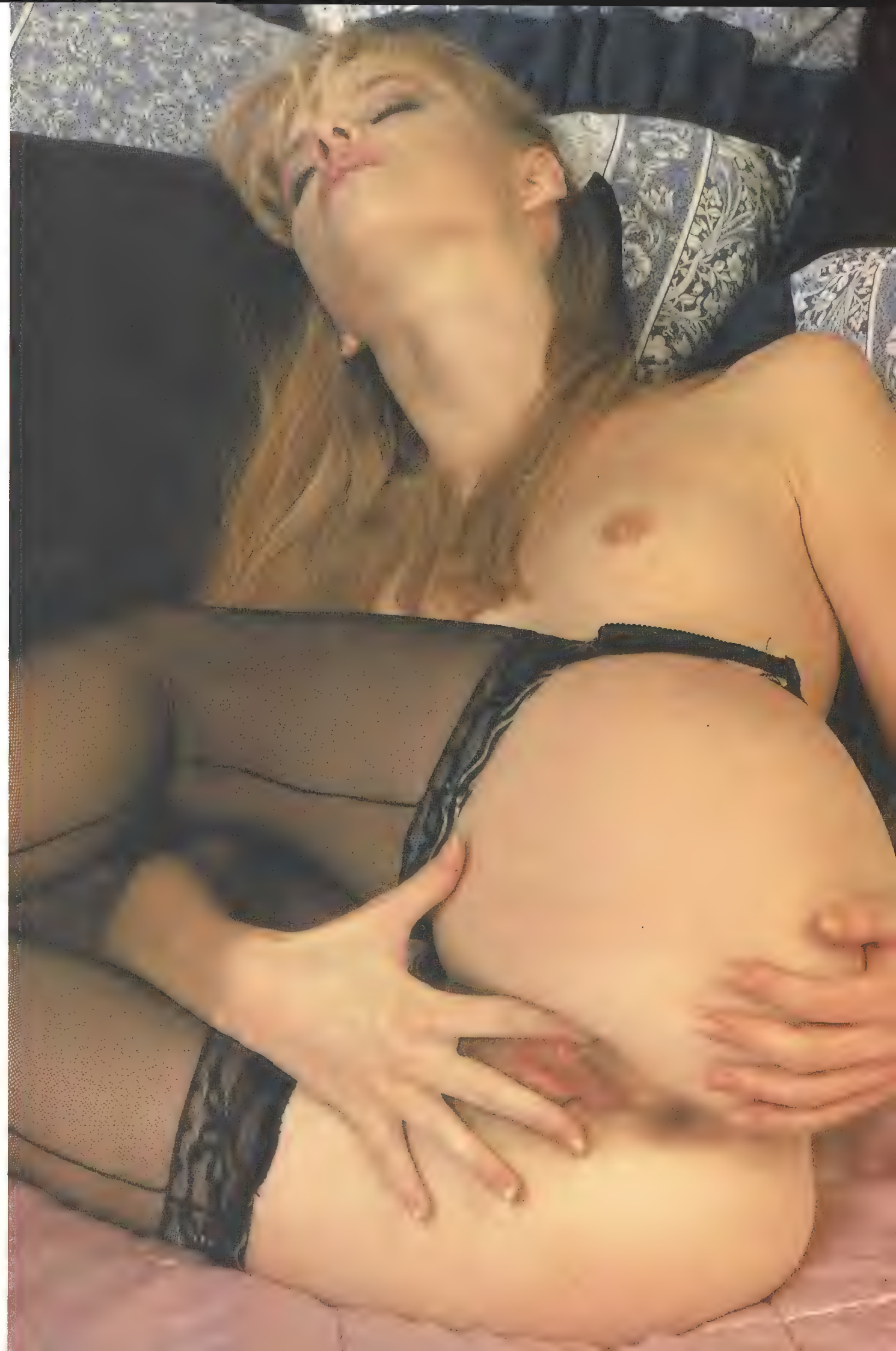
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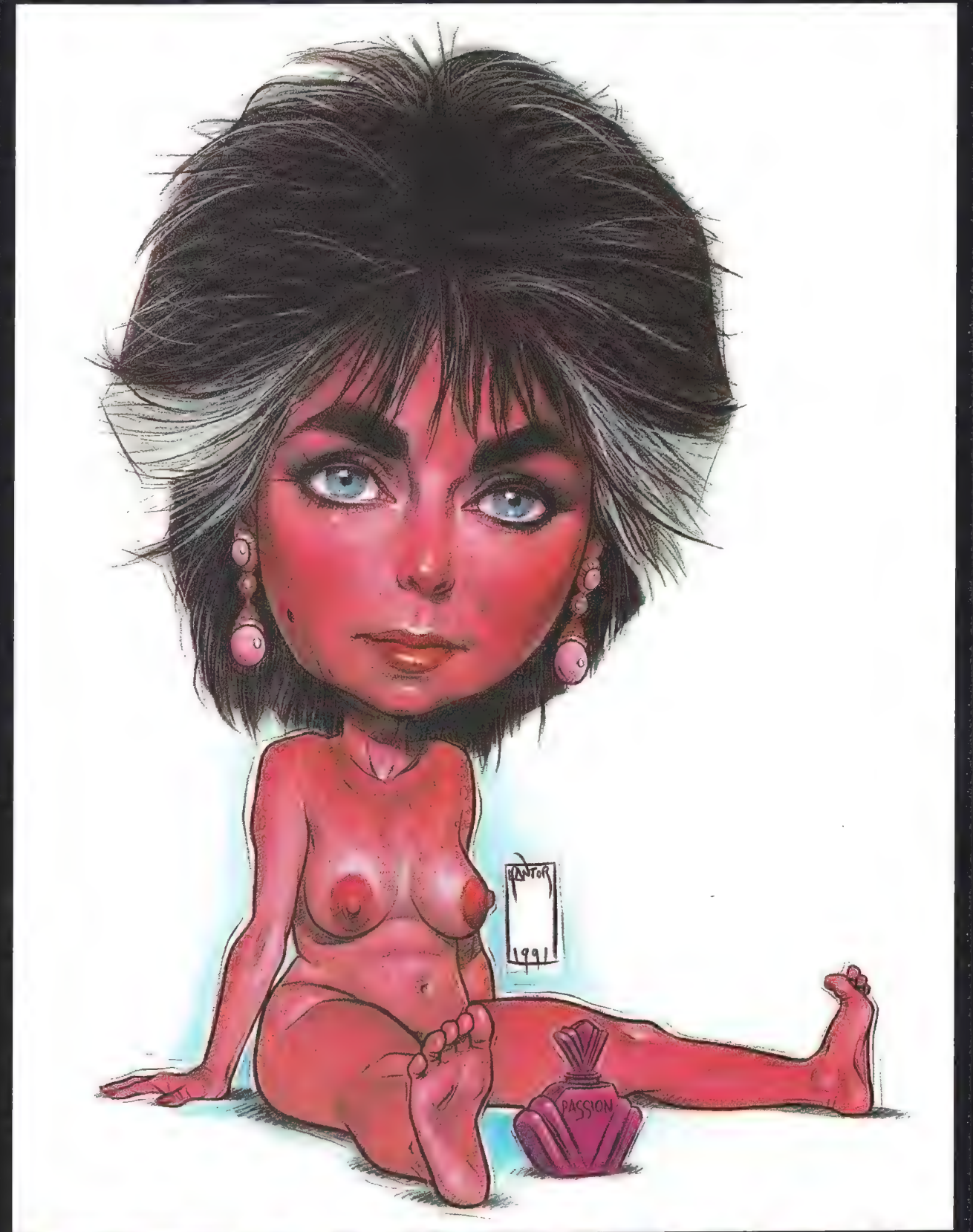
Dawn works when she feels like it, mostly as a model. "I have to support my shopping habit," she giggles. "I love expensive lingerie and diamonds and I'd like to have a fast sports car. Men? You bet! I'm looking for a millionaire who likes blondes."







K A N T O R ' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Elizabeth Taylor



WORDS BY ROBERT ROCHE
PHOTOS BY JÖRG STEINHERT

The Spanish Foreign Legion is a last, hellish retreat for wild men who have used up all their options.

LEGION OF THE DAMNED

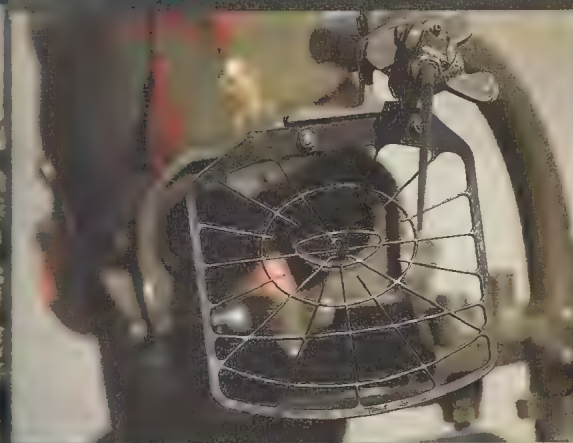
legion OF THE DAMNED

A hugely fat man with narrowed eyes and a cigarette butt hanging from his lower lip stands stock-still in the middle of the airport at Fuerteventura, Canary Islands. Around him flows a bustling stream of tourists. The big man isn't interested in fond farewells, stern officials or panicking fathers rounding up families. What he's looking for are those men who aren't saying goodbye to anybody. Desperate men for whom any destination will do, and who want just one thing: to get off this island and out of Spain.

The fat man, Willi, is a military policeman with the Spanish Foreign Legion, which is now based in the Canary Islands. His job is to catch deserters. There are those who will try anything to escape; they stow away on ships, hijack aircraft or smuggle themselves aboard holiday flights. The fat man hates them. To him, the 12 commandments of *La Legion* are gospel, and he sees himself as their protector. He can recite the words in his sleep: "Death in battle is the highest honor. One only dies once. Death comes without pain and dying is not as bad as it seems. It is worse to live as a coward. We swear allegiance unto death."

To do his job, Willi has only to look for the narrow, silver-tinted, semicircular typical sign of marking the orange uniform as burnt and under attack on the forehead. Of the men who have lost the Legion's trust. Today he makes no arrests.

Previously, in the Sahara, high arched lids to be put on the heads of deserters so that those going after them would disregard the dangers of the desert: death by thirst and now shrunk to child-sized black pills in the



Main picture: Legionaries on dawn patrol in Ronda. Clockwise from top left: Recruits in training are pushed beyond the limits of their endurance; there's no packing up and heading home when the going gets tough; Anti-guerilla training in the dunes of Fuerteventura; Previous page: Legionaries practise catching and questioning enemies.





Main picture: Artillery drill in the North African enclave of Melilla. Clockwise from top left: Tactics with captives; on the prowl with a nightscope; "We swear allegiance unto death!"; members of the North African garrison on the move near Ceuta — Morocco wants Spain out of North Africa entirely.



Legion^{OF} THE DAMNED

white-hot glow of the sun.

The regiment of Legionaries now stationed on the Canaries came from the Spanish Sahara 18 years ago, and they came involuntarily. It was a group of 3500 mostly unmarried men of mixed nationality, and they were angry and frustrated because they felt they'd been cheated out of a war with the Moroccans. They'd been within grasp of victory in the desert, and had been made to withdraw without a fight on the orders of Madrid. This, the Legionaries felt, was a terrible betrayal.

But in the critical days of dictator General Franco's drawn-out death, Spain's King Juan Carlos had little choice but to clear the whole North African province. To let a nationalistic atmosphere of war arise would perhaps have encouraged the Spanish military to seize power in Madrid.

Today what remains of the old province of Spanish Sahara is concentrated in the two whitewashed outposts of Ceuta and Melilla on the North African coast. Even here, the Spanish are likely to lose their foothold. King Hassan II of Morocco is demanding the surrender of the "North African colony."

On the border, at the highest point of Ceuta, the first camp of the Spanish Foreign Legion came into being around 1917. Here, as they arrived, the enlisted men were asked: "Do you know why you have come?" Jose Millan Astray, who, together with later dictator Francisco Franco, founded the Spanish Legion, would scream the answer for them: "You have come to die!"

Astray and Franco had decided that, after three civil wars, seven coups and six depositions within 100 years of Spanish history, the army



Legion OF THE DAMNED

had lost its "spirit." They therefore followed the example of the French. Astray concentrated on the enlistment of foreigners while Franco went through Spain's prisons. Whoever joined up was pardoned. Within a short time, the central core of *La Legion* was formed.

Today in Spain Astray is seen as a scar-covered psychopath who coined the battle cry: "Long live death! Down with intelligence!" James Michener wrote in his book *Iberia*: "No-one knew what to make of this phrase, but as it sounded profound and meaningful, like a battle cry from the 15th Century, the whole of Spain adopted it with great enthusiasm."

In the Legion's museum at Ceuta, Astray's remains are kept like holy relics. After one of his eyes was removed because of a bad wound, a nurse retrieved it from a waste bucket and placed it in a jar of alcohol. It's still there.

The Legion, part of which still remains at Ceuta, has other sacred icons, such as "*La Peque*" — "the small one." This wrinkled hag is the oldest whore of the Legion, and her house in Ceuta is marked on tourists maps. At functions and parades, the Legion not only presents arms, it presents *La Peque*. But the 84-year-old crone no longer offers her traditional services; she spends most of her time hiding in the barracks, terrified the Moroccans will sneak over the border at night.

Every Sunday the Legion celebrates its 10,000 dead and 40,000 cripples; its victims remain unmentioned. Some of the men who make up its ranks might be considered victims themselves.

Continued on page 92



Main picture: Jorg Weber lost his own teeth when an instructor hit him in the mouth. Top: The bayonet ballet of Fuerteventura. From far left: Legionary chiefs gather under portraits of the Legion's "fathers" — Franco, Astray and Valenzuela. Astray's eye is still kept in the Legion's museum at Ceuta; every Sunday the Legion remembers its dead.



"Some people say I look like Michelle Pfeiffer," says Chrissy, 27, a California girl who likes nightclubs and the beach. "That's okay by me. Acting is something I enjoy, too."

CALIFORNIA G I R L

PHOTOGRAPY BY SUZE RANDALL



When she's not making movies, Chrissy works in the beachwear business, selling sarongs, kimonos and big hand-painted parasols. "I also love going on trips," she says. "I visit Thailand, Japan and Bali. Sometimes I go to Nepal as well."





Chrissy says she's pretty laid back. "I keep busy, but I hate to rush. I believe in making the most of my time. I'm definitely no workaholic! I love it when I turn over a profit, but I'm just as happy drinking cocktails in a waterfront brasserie in the evenings."



David Campese is the
Rugby player all the others
wish they could be

JOKER *in the* PACK

BY GREG HUNTER

David Campese, the most exciting Rugby Union player in the world, the scorer of more Test match tries than any other player, is a nervous chuckler. Most of the time it's a self-deprecating chuckle: "It's my goal to be known as the best — but I can't go around saying that in the papers or people will think what a bighead I am, and if I play a bad game straight afterwards, they'll say: 'What a loser.' (*Chuckle.*)" Sometimes it's a more ironic chuckle: "Definitely I'd prefer to play fullback than wing. But the way the papers select the teams, obviously they don't think I'm a fullback after all these years. I don't know what I've got to prove. (*Chuckle.*)" Sometimes it's a clearly bewildered chuckle: "I don't think the NSW Rugby Union would give a shit if I retired tomorrow. They'd say, 'Thanks a lot, see you later.' (*Chuckle.*)" Sometimes it's just plain nervous: "Andrew Slack [former Australian captain] has been very critical of me in the past couple of years. (*Chuckle.*)" That's the thing that strikes you about the guy: he's sort of nervous. Good-natured, forthright, but nervous. Very odd.

Because when you watch this man play Rugby, it's obvious that what he possesses most — even more importantly than his phenomenal, prodigious talents (but without which it would be ridiculous) — is *nerve*.



JOKER IN THE PACK

The 28-year-old Campese, who holds the record for Test match appearances for Australia, has on occasions taken more risks in a single game than most players have taken in their entire careers. He is prepared, he admits, to attempt to do things on the football field just to find out whether or not he can do them — because no-one has done them before. It might be an ordinary club game; it might be a series-deciding Test match in front of 50,000 fanatical fans; it doesn't matter. There are times when he will, just like Superman, find himself looking through a window of opportunity that no-one else can see, and most of the time — when his nerve is intact and the hounds of mediocrity have not too recently been baying for his blood — he will try to run through it.

When it works, Campese is simply breathtaking. On the rare occasions when

who struggled to compete." Similarly, Rugby writer Spiro Zavos has observed: "There is something about Campese that upsets people. When he makes mistakes, people never forgive him. Somehow Campo's astonishing record of try-scoring is overlooked."

The difference, though, between the modern maestros of the two Rugby codes — and undoubtedly the reason he is perceived by those who don't know him as arrogant to an even greater extent than Lewis is — is that Campese will *always* try to plumb the depths of his skills. Australian coach Bob Dwyer, devoutly an advocate of Campese's go-for-broke approach to the game, and a man who agrees that he has been unfairly maligned, says this: "In my opinion Campo's greatest asset as a player is that he always runs the tightrope, always pushes his ability to the limit. He's never happy with doing the ordinary thing; even when he's kicking for touch, he's not satisfied with a 30-metre gain; he wants a 60-metre gain. To some extent, that sort of person ought to be the most sought-after person in any pursuit, whether it be business or sport or whatever, because they always want to set new standards for what they're doing. Most people are happy operating in the 'comfort zone', but Campo's not that sort of person. As a result, he's obviously going to overextend himself at times and make mistakes. But if we don't have that, we don't have David Campese."

If we didn't it would be tragic, because Campese, the best broken-field runner in the world, has inspired one of the most extraordinary moments in the history of the game. It happened in November, 1988 when Australia played the Barbarians at Cardiff Arms Park in the final match of that Wallaby campaign. Campese had had a triumphant tour, regularly performing miraculous deeds in both provincial and Test matches, and providing British Rugby buffs, long stultified by their own teams' unadventurous approach to the game, with an embarrassment of entertainment. It was in the last minute of the match when Campese took the ball on the left wing, 65 metres from the Barbarian line, with a horde of opponents in front of him. When he came to the first, he looked momentarily towards his support player, Michael Cook, and somehow realised this

had put the defender slightly off balance, so he exploded at 90 degrees from his original direction. Then he did it again. And then he did it again. When he came to the final cover-defender, he dropped the shoulder as if readying to pass, then produced a prodigious side-step and put the ball down under the posts, untouched from the time his astonishing run had begun.

As Campese strolled back towards half-way, Michael Cook began to applaud. Then the rest of the Australians joined in. Then the Barbarians began to applaud. Then the crowd — 50,000 partisan Welshmen whose love of their national team is surpassed only by their love of Rugby — stood up in unison and applauded furiously. A Barbarian match, involving a composite of the top British players, is supposed to be a showcase for attacking football, but it is not by any means a polite form of Rugby; it is played with precisely the same intensity as a Test match. And this was something that just *does not happen*. It's unheard of. Yet it did happen.

Although Campese was clearly embarrassed, it was nonetheless the culmination of his life's work, the simultaneous satisfaction of his disparate yearnings: to thrill spectators, to thrill himself, to demonstrate the potential for excitement in a game often played within restrictive parameters, but above all, to be *appreciated*. In pure sporting terms, it was his apotheosis. Gerald Davies, the great Welsh winger of the Seventies and the player to whom Campese is most often compared, wrote of that gesture: "As he sauntered between the posts, they saw in him what they had seen all along but were too reluctant to admit: the Rugby player they themselves would wish to be." Campese keeps that clipping in his wallet. Ask him about it and he blushes: "Well, it was Gerald Davies."

In games against the minor Rugby nations, where the full range of his abilities can be exhibited virtually unfettered, Campese is ordinarily the difference between Australia winning by 20 and winning by 40. In a match against the American Eagles in 1983, Campese scored four tries and created two others. Although he ran with the ball almost every time he received it, Campese's opposite number not only failed to tackle him — he never actually managed to touch him. After that game the then Australian captain Andrew Slack confided to Bob Dwyer: "I would give anything to have as much talent as that guy's got in his little finger."

Maybe the taint of envy provides a clue as to why Slack launched a devastating attack on Campese in *The Australian* in 1989 after he'd made his most famous blunder, the one that cranked up the Great Campese Debate to a feverish pitch — a "suicidal" pass from behind his own line which fell to ground and was pounced on by British Lions winger Ieuan Evans, giving



it all comes unstuck, he becomes once again the subject of the Great Campese Debate as the headlines scream: "LEGEND OR LIABILITY?" and the wise old rigger men knowingly shake their heads and mutter the Rugby maxim that had once served them faithfully: "When in doubt, kick it out."

No-one is prepared for genius, and everyone views it suspiciously, always awaiting the moment when it might produce chaos. And there is, especially in the Australian psyche, a malignant form of envy generating a schizophrenic love-hate relationship with any individual endowed with extravagant gifts. In his biography of Wally Lewis, *King Wally*, Adrian McGregor wrote: "For making it look easy, for rarely having to plumb the depths of his skills, Wally often attracted the enmity of those

because Campese, the best broken-field runner in the world, has inspired one of the most extraordinary moments in the history of the game. It happened in November, 1988 when Australia played the Barbarians at Cardiff Arms Park in the final match of that Wallaby campaign. Campese had had a triumphant tour, regularly performing miraculous deeds in both provincial and Test matches, and providing British Rugby buffs, long stultified by their own teams' unadventurous approach to the game, with an embarrassment of entertainment. It was in the last minute of the match when Campese took the ball on the left wing, 65 metres from the Barbarian line, with a horde of opponents in front of him. When he came to the first, he looked momentarily towards his support player, Michael Cook, and somehow realised this



"At that point . . . things really began to go sour . . ."

JOKER IN THE PACK

the Lions a 19-18 win and undeserved victory in the series. Slack's comments encapsulate the ire of the anti-Campese school: "What of Campese's stupendous genius? How often do we see it when it really matters, and does it stack up favorably against the number of times he turns damned fool? The simple fact is genius has to outweigh foolishness and in terms of results over the past five years, Campese's mortgage on a Test spot must be questioned... In a sporting world that, like it or not, lives and dies on results, Campo is not looking as flash as the sunnies he wears to training... This 'free spirit' drivel brought up in his defence is just that — drivel. He is part of a team and if he cannot act that way he is better off playing tennis."

Thus we have the popular perception of the "flawed genius" of Australian Rugby, who "can win a match single-handed — or just as easily toss it away", according to one New Zealand scribe. The Lamborghini of footballers, all juiced up and ready to roar, but with one or two cogs loose. And along with that, certain implicit assumptions on the part of what Bob Dwyer calls "the grey brigade" of rah-rah conservatives who make up the bulk of the paying public: that although Campese is the difference between winning by 20 and win-

ning by 40, he's also the difference between winning by two and losing by two; that in the maelstrom of Rugby played at the very top level, his awesome armory of skills buckles under pressure; that along with exaggerated flashiness there must be some kind of fragility, some lack of understanding of the game's basic principles, even a lack of courage; and, most heinously, that he's a show pony, a man who in the egotistical pursuit of vainglory will sacrifice discipline at the expense of his team-mates.

Heinous indeed. Campese rejects Slack's criticisms out of hand: "He's a Queenslander — that's the problem. (Chuckle.) To me, Queenslanders are like Kiwis — they don't think there's anything other than Queensland. When Greg Martin [another Queenslander] threw an intercept pass that resulted in a try, Slack said: 'That was very uncharacteristic of Martin.' If it was me, he'd have crucified me."

But how much substance is there in all those assumptions? We could start by answering that provocative question: how favorably *do* Campo's deeds stack up against his "damned foolishness"? To begin with, Campese has been instrumental in winning many Test series for Australia, and never in losing one — unless you count the Lions debacle. Bob Dwyer doesn't count it: "We had an overall superiority over the Lions, and Campese was a big factor in that. And in that Third Test,

he ran from the far side of the field to save a try right on the tryline — does that cancel out the one he gave away?" (Dwyer is fond of rhetorical questions.) "And when one of our guys kicked a ball out when there was an overlap and a try on — is that a similar error?" In other words, the sins of omission are as vital to the outcome as the sins of commission — only they're not as visible, particularly to those who know bugger all about Rugby. And Campese is *never* guilty of a sin of omission.

Dwyer's observations on Campese's grand cock-up demonstrate how the delicate wiring of a precision instrument can be short-circuited by fear born of criticism. "That error came about because he fractionally doubted his own ability — which is unusual for him. But constant criticism will tend to make people doubt their ability. Actually, I think it's phenomenal that he's been able to maintain such self-confidence. Anyway, he'd already beaten Ieuan Evans on two previous occasions in that Test with a dummy, so he thought: 'There's no way I'll beat him with a dummy *again*' — but in fact he *had* beaten him with another dummy, only he didn't believe it, so he indecisively let the ball go anyway, and that's how the pass went astray." It was not, in other words, a "moment of madness"; it was actually the opposite, a fatal attack of conservatism.

In fact, considering the number of risks he has taken, it's extraordinary how few errors Campese has made. Andrew Slack once tried to run the ball from under his own goalposts in a Test match, was tackled and the All Blacks scored. Little mention was made of this afterwards — Slack was a safety-first player who'd thereby notched up lots of Brownie points with the grey brigade — but he never did it again. Campese has done it — successfully — more times than Don Bradman scored fifties.

And what of this business of buckling under pressure, of not producing when it matters? Dwyer: "Look at the Grand Slam tour [of the British Isles in 1984]. The folklorists said Australia won that Grand Slam very convincingly, but that wasn't the case. They were struggling against Ireland when Campo set up a try for Mark Ella that put them clear. And it wasn't too bad a try he scored against the All Blacks in 1986 in the Third Test, when the match was very much in the balance, to put them clear and win the Bledisloe Cup. I think people who hold that view are just not looking at the facts."

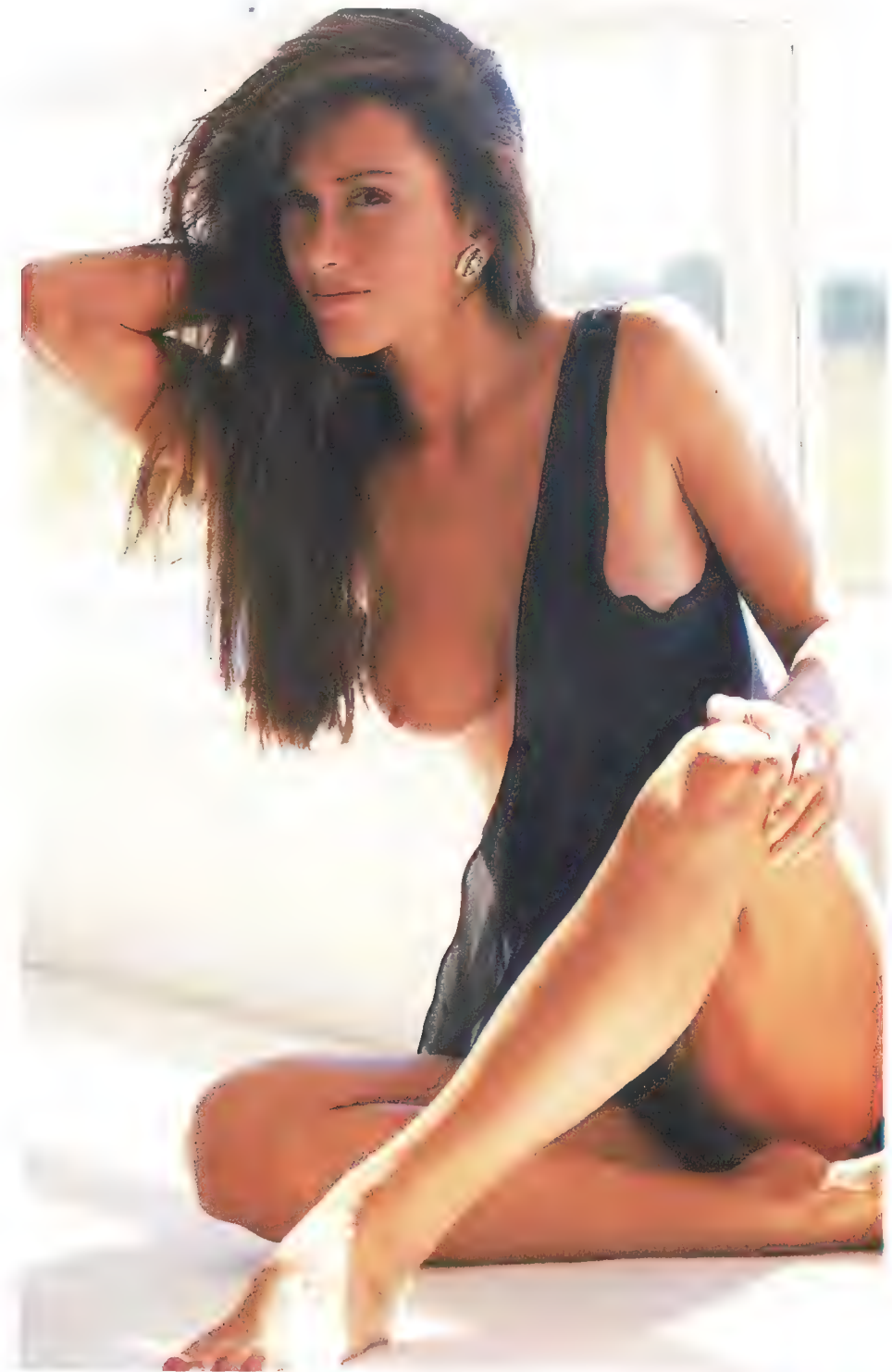
What about this alleged timidity? Does Campese really go missing when the heat is on? Dwyer concedes, as does Campese himself, that at times his front-on defence is suspect; but at other times, it's tremendous. "It's just a matter of confidence, really," Campese shrugs. When marking the awesomely powerful All Black John

Continued on page 110





Jody Boyce, 23, is a Kiwi with a serious travel bug. She grew up in Christchurch, on the South Island of New Zealand — “a very English part of New Zealand,” she says. “I am a real snow bunny, but I’m taking a break from skiing, for the moment.” Jody is spending time on Queensland’s Gold Coast, where she’s enjoying the nightlife and the beach.



southern**GOLD**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER



Jody, a Libra — “my motto is love, peace and harmony” — has travelled around Australia twice, the hard way, hitch-hiking with a backpack. She loves wining and dining, is gregarious and keeps trim by doing aerobics and aikido. She’s been doing some modelling, but is thinking about acting or working in TV.



Jody's favorite fantasy is riding down the great Ocean Road in Victoria on a big, customised Harley-Davidson with somebody special. "I enjoy the company of men who are intelligent and who like a bit of excitement — especially at night," she says. She would also like to visit Rio at carnival time. "I'd like to go there because they're so open about their dress.

I think I'd find that exciting."







BY NORM LIPSON & TONY BARNAO
ILLUSTRATION BY JIM TSINGANOS

**Australian
immigration
scams are big
business,
both here and
overseas**

When immigration investigators finally forced their way into the first-floor Kings Cross brothel in Sydney, they were confronted with a familiar scene: wealthy Asian businessmen in various degrees of undress, young Thai call girls scrambling for cover, and everyone looking for a way out.

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One scantily-clad girl placed her arms around the youngest immigration officer, forcing her bare breasts against his body. She nibbled the stunned rookie's earlobe and purred: "Hi, big boy! Back for more good time?" The more experienced officers laughed. They'd seen this desperate tactic dozens of times before. Of course, it never works.

"Later we pulled a wall apart and there were 17 other girls crammed into a ten-foot by two-foot cavity," a former immigration officer told *Penthouse*. "They'd all been recruited from villages in Thailand by the meat brokers in Bangkok. We sent them back, and the Australian brothel owner simply replaced them with 17 more. To him it's almost a game. His girls are just pieces of meat."

These girls, aged between 15 and 25, flock from impoverished villages to the good-time bars of South-East Asia's capitals, lured by fast money, a supposedly glamorous lifestyle, and the prospect of being able to support their families. From there many end up being recruited by Australian brothel owners through brokers, whom the girls pay between \$6000 and \$12,000 for the dubious privilege of selling their bodies in the Lucky Country. But few have any idea what they're in for. They become sex slaves.

Like the 80,000 other "illegals" believed to be here — up from an estimated 60,000 in 1989 — they come to Australia on tourist visas with no intention of ever leaving. Prostitutes, Asian students, economic refugees and Chinese Triad members all have the same goal: to obtain Australian citizenship or, failing that, to exploit the system by any means possible.

One of the most common methods of circumventing our immigration laws is the lucrative sham marriage racket. Foreign nationals, many of them Asian students here to attend short-term English language courses, are marrying Australian citizens they've never met and paying up to \$25,000 to middlemen for the privilege. These marriages of convenience are never consummated and are annulled as soon as residency is granted.

Immigration investigators are now targeting these two alarming growth areas — the flourishing trade in Thai prostitutes and the equally thriving phoney marriage industry. And their recent successes, evidenced by the deportation of at least 200 Thai prostitutes in just the past 18 months, reflect a growing understanding by authorities of exactly how the trade has been prospering for so long.

Thai village girls, as young as 12, generally go voluntarily to the fleshpots of Bangkok and Pattaya. But in some cases their families have actually sold them to the "girlie" bar. "Bar-work" is of course

synonymous with sex, and if these young girls were initially too naive to know that, they soon find out. They work long hours servicing the many foreign visitors who go to Thailand on free-spending sex holidays. The girls hope that the initial journey from their village will be a stepping stone to a more prosperous lifestyle in a Western country.

"Back here in Australia," the former immigration officer explains, "a brothel owner boards a flight to Thailand with a shopping list.

"Let's say he needs a dozen fresh girls for his business in Sydney. On arrival he makes contact with a local whorebroker and pays him anything up to \$12,000 for each girl he recruits. The girls are told that after they arrive in Australia they have to pay the Australian brothel owner for the visas, passports and airfares he has provided them, out of their earnings. The money they pay is really to reimburse the brothel owner for his brokerage fee. He ends up getting the girls for nothing and works them like slaves once they're here."

To make sure his new recruits don't desert him, the brothel owner will confiscate their passports. He takes 60 percent of their earnings, but in reality most of the remaining 40 percent goes into his pocket as well. He puts them up in "safe houses" which could be charitably described as hovels, charging exorbitant rents and constantly moving them from one to another

CITIZENS
AGAINST
EROTICA

BURGE
PORN!

WOMEN
FOR
STIFFER LADS



SCOTTY

"Scratch her from our picket line."



ATTOE

"Enough about your mother."

Brides for hire

"For if anyone here can show just cause why this couple should not be joined together in marriage, let them now declare so."

The marriage celebrant's words would have tempted the entire gathering to burst into laughter, because he and everyone else knew that the sacred vows being taken between the 22-year-old Chinese student and the 17-year-old Sydney prostitute were as real as a \$3 bill.

The pantomime unfolding was typical of many thousands of such weddings played out in Australia each year. Marriages for the sake of citizenship. But this one was different: we were on hand to tape the entire sham. The teenage bride and her prostitute mother were both fitted with radio microphones. Even the best man was a plant, and he captured the entire ceremony on video.

Just ten days earlier, Debbie had been approached by an older prostitute, Jane, with a proposition to make a quick \$3000 in cash by marrying Cau Shing Lee, who was living in Australia on a temporary student visa. She agreed, then approached us with her story. From that point mother and daughter were wired for sound.

At a subsequent meeting between the three women, Jane explains how she herself was paid by a Sydney immigration consultant to marry a foreigner, and details what Debbie will have to do to earn her \$3000.

Jane: "Maybe before or after you're married, you open a joint bank account, both join a couple of clubs — you know, like the Mandarin Club or something."

Debbie: "Why?"

Jane: "So it looks like you're really married. You've got to make the marriage look legit — you know, like you've known him for about a year. What my husband did was, him and this other guy took me around to all these beaches and we had to stand there in singlets and shorts and pretend it was summer and take all these summer photos in the middle of winter. We were freezing to death. There's a guy . . . we had to stand there in the [Immigration consultant's] office. Well, he pays everyone off if there's any problems and he says there's only about ten percent that actually get checked up. Once you meet the guy and sign the papers you start getting some money."

With the deal explained, the trio enters the consultant's city office.

Consultant: "When you sign the intent of marriage form, we give you \$500. Then the day you get married, you get one thousand — that makes it fifteen hundred. And then when the forms are filled in for lodgment with the [Immigration] Department, it's another \$500, which brings it up to \$2000. And when there's an interview and the medical papers come through, then you get the balance."

The next day Debbie meets her prospective husband in the consultant's office. He uses the name "Albert." Also present at the meeting is the part-time celebrant who will marry the couple — a public servant on the consultant's payroll. The celebrant scours the couple's pre-nuptial documentation and detects a possible problem on Albert's application.

Celebrant: "I wouldn't have said you're a student. How will you support her? Don't state in other applications that you're a student. I would say a barman."

Subsequent meetings take place and it's agreed the ceremony will be conducted in the backyard of Debbie's grandmother's home. A date is fixed, money is exchanged and we bug the entire premises and set up hidden cameras.

You couldn't ask for a better day for a wedding. It's bright and sunny, the bride is in white, and Albert turns up right on time with two surprise guests — his parents.

After introductions and photographs [for the benefit of Immigration officials], the ceremony begins. It's brief — ten minutes of perfunctory speech and then the words Albert has paid \$25,000 to hear: "By the authority vested in me by the Commonwealth of Australia, I now pronounce you, Cau Shing Lee, and Debbie [name withheld by request], husband and wife. You may kiss your bride, Sir!"

That kiss is the last contact husband and wife will ever have. They go their separate ways, Debbie to pick up the balance of her fee, and Albert to Immigration to apply for residency.

But federal authorities, armed with our evidence and a statement from the prostitute bride, had other ideas. Albert was refused residence and deported. The celebrant was sacked from his public service job and is now under investigation by the Taxation Department. The Immigration consultant is under federal investigation.

Albert and Debbie's marriage has since been annulled. She got to keep the money and the wedding ring.

**"That one
kiss is the
last contact the
bride and groom
will ever
have."**

alien

to avoid detection. The girls also have to pay for their own food, and of course, repay the loan.

"So they're bound to the brothel," says the immigration man. "They've got no passport, almost no money and won't complain because they're here illegally. They've only really got one option — lie on their backs and cop it sweet. And they obviously do a damn good job, judging by the number of clients who use them. Back home they were able to pick and choose their clients in the bar, but here they do as they're told — and unlike the Australian hookers, they don't demand condoms and don't use drugs. That's a big attraction, because Asian men don't like wearing rubbers. They work 12-hour shifts, six and a half days a week, and end up with virtually nothing to show for it."

Local immigration authorities are well aware that a good slice of the proceeds from this lucrative trade actually ends up in the pockets of Thai generals. Girls are not only despatched to Australia, but also the US, Britain and even New Zealand — all prime markets for their skills. And these Thai beauties command a high price, the meter often running at \$140 an hour. Federal Police say the Australian connection consists mostly of Yugoslav and Italian businessmen with a string of brothels turning over huge profits.

The relatively few working girls caught during raids usually end up going home at the brothel-owner's expense. He willingly parts with the airfare to ensure none of the other girls talk. And the authorities gladly accept this arrangement because it saves taxpayers the expense of prolonged accommodation at migrant detention centres and of deportation.

A raid is a mere hiccup in the brothel owner's operations. All he has to do is return to Thailand with a new shopping list he knows will be filled, and the cycle continues.

However, our front-line immigration enforcers have been handed a few new weapons to combat the trade. Regulations are now in the drafting stage which will allow investigators to fine employers \$1000 for every illegal immigrant caught working for them. The legislation was originally intended to thwart factory bosses who employ illegals as virtual slave labor in the clothing, manufacturing and processing industries. But it will be used as a weapon against brothel owners as well.

"Up until now these hoonos and sweat shop bosses would plead ignorance of the illegal status of their employees," an immigration officer told *Penthouse*. "But from now on that ignorance will be irrelevant. We'll hit them with a thousand dollar apiece fine, regardless. It's not going to stop the trade, but it's a move in the right direction."

But the sham marriage racket is a much tougher nut to crack. Last year 30,000 foreigners applied for residency on marriage or de facto relationship grounds — a figure that has doubled in the past five years. And authorities believe up to 70 percent of these "change of status" applications are bogus. The problem is exacerbated by a host of self-styled "immigration consultants" who know every trick in the book to help their clients defeat Australia's immigration laws. Naturally, they charge heavily for their services.

Scouts working for these "consultants" recruit mainly local prostitutes and the economically disadvantaged as spouses for Asian and African visitors who come here on temporary entrant or tourist visas specifically to buy their citizenship through marriage.

The customer pays the consultant as much as \$25,000. The scout is paid a spotter's fee of around \$1000 a head and the Australian bride or husband is lucky to get \$3000. But often they too become scouts for the consultants. Scouts regularly drive through the streets of working-class suburbs on the lookout for groups of unemployed youths who, according to immigration sources, invariably jump at the chance of making a quick three grand.

Within 12 months the marriage will be annulled and the client will have residency. And once that residency status is granted, it's almost impossible for Federal

authorities to reverse the decision. The required documentation usually goes through a paper assessment only, with a small percentage subject to further rudimentary investigation by the Immigration Department's overworked Residents Section.

"And because most applications go through crafty consultants, the paperwork is always impeccable," one officer explains. "It makes it nearly impossible to detect the shams." In the year up to June 1989, just 3500 "overstayers" in all categories were detected and deported. (Many had married Australians and had since "separated" from their spouses.)

But that's all about to change. The Immigration Department is now seriously targeting the scam, tripling its manpower from 50 to 150 investigators in the crack Compliance Division. Future change of status applications will be subject to much closer scrutiny, with officers under orders to mount stringent investigations.

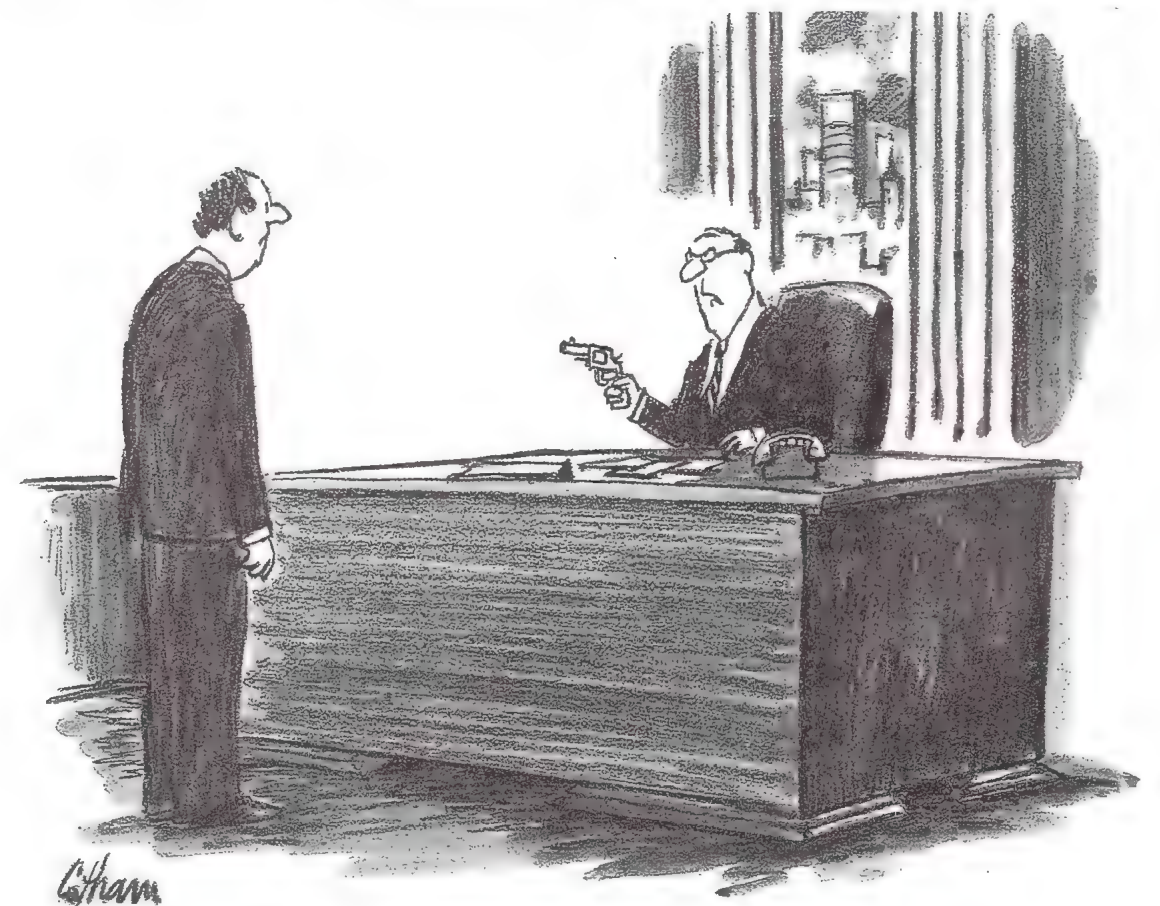
On top of that, Federal Immigration Minister Gerry Hand recently delivered a bombshell in Parliament by announcing intended new legislation which would no longer provide automatic residency to foreigners who marry Australians. Instead, these foreign nationals will be given "conditional residence" for two years. After that, permanent residence may be granted if the relationship can be proved to be "genuine and on-going."

Under the proposed new laws, jail terms of up to ten years and fines of \$100,000 will be imposed on those convicted of involvement in these marriages of convenience. Even witnesses to the marriages who give false supporting evidence face hefty fines (up to \$12,000) and the prospect of up to two years' imprisonment. These stiff sanctions will replace the old maximum penalty of \$5000 or two years' jail.

Still, it will be an uphill battle for the immigration enforcers. According to the department's Director of Intelligence, Peter Sealy, there are currently 800 suspect applicants or organised rackets on file, with just one of these involving 500 contrived marriages. But in spite of the very high fraud level, only 11 people were prosecuted last year, and most of them got away with minor penalties.

Sealy points out the obvious problems: "It's extremely difficult to get a prosecution in fraudulent marriage cases because it requires one partner to give evidence against the other, and often each is involved in the conspiracy to some degree. It's also very difficult to get people to give evidence against a racketeer, because they themselves have often received money to be part of the racket and that makes them co-conspirators."

In a tight economy, there'll always be takers for the quick money on offer. Multiculturalism was never meant to come to this. 



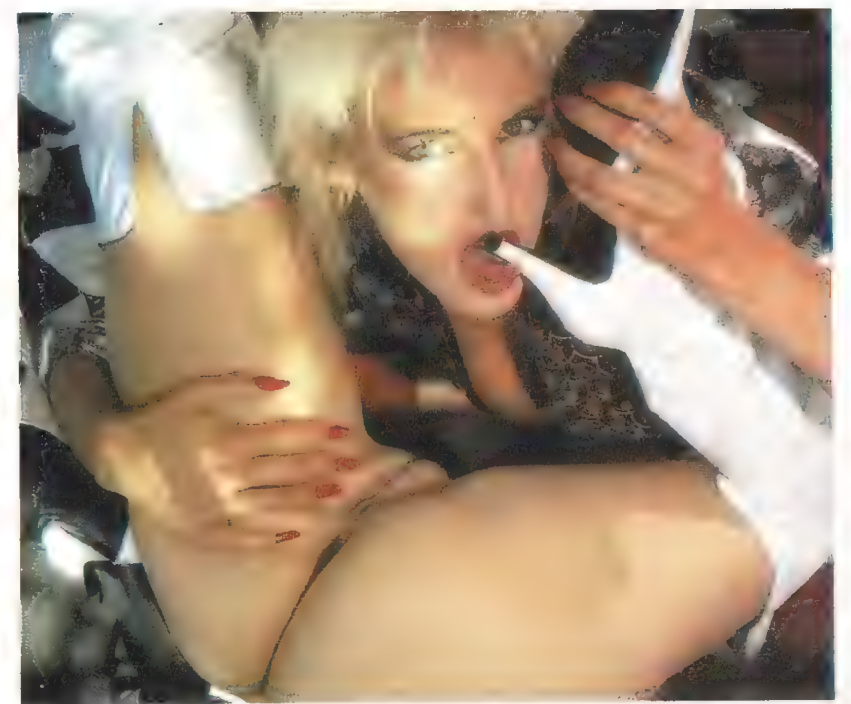
"What a fool you are, Jensen! Did you really think I was genuinely happy to see you get ahead?"

Diana and Mahalia woke up past noon on Sunday. Each had been out on a hot date the night before, and they compared notes. Their descriptions of Saturday night's revelries were so tantalisingly graphic that the girls got restless all over again.

Tales Of The Morning After

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND







The mischievous glint in Mahalia's eyes made Diana suddenly stop talking about last night and devote her attention to the here and now. A demonstration was clearly in order . . . and the ambience seemed tailor-made for it. After all, there's no time like the present.





WA's Rally Australia is establishing itself as a gutsy, gravelly world event

Show a politician a bandwagon, and he'll instinctively jump aboard first and ask questions later. A few years ago, the word swept across the Australian political landscape that the staging of major international motor sporting events in this country was a guarantee of great riches. And the opportunity to chalk up a victory, politically.

The success of South Australia's magnificent Formula One Grand Prix probably sparked the unseemly scramble by various state governments to tap into the motor racing lode. The AGP, after all, captivated the nation and now arguably rivals the AFL Grand Final as our biggest annual sporting event.

The attractions, the polities had concluded, included enormous economic benefits to the state and nation, international publicity and promotion with a tourism spin-off down the road, and kudos for a government that had secured a high-profile, world-class event.

Queensland, NSW and Western Australia — the three states with an

THE WILD WEST



MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY



Fearless French up-and-comer Francois Delecourt and the factory Ford Sierra Cosworth — Australia-bound. Previous Spread: King Carlos Sainz and Toyota, the championship defenders.

WILD WEST

overtly entrepreneurial and opportunistic bent — were all particularly eager to buy a gold pass to ride the high-powered gravy train. Most smitten was the NSW government of Premier Nick Greiner, who, in order to hijack the Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix away from Victoria to his state, authorised the construction of the costly new Eastern Creek Raceway. This fateful decision has kept Greiner in a flak jacket ever since. In fact, he now readily concedes it wasn't the smartest decision he's made. The initial Sydney Motorcycle Grand Prix was not an unqualified success in terms of spectators. But Greiner, hitting back at critics who've harped on the zooming cost of the racing circuit (put as high as \$50 million), has not been slow to counter with evidence of acres of unpaid promotion received abroad and generous economic benefits to NSW.

Around the same time, a proposal to host an Indy Car championship race around the streets of Surfers Paradise

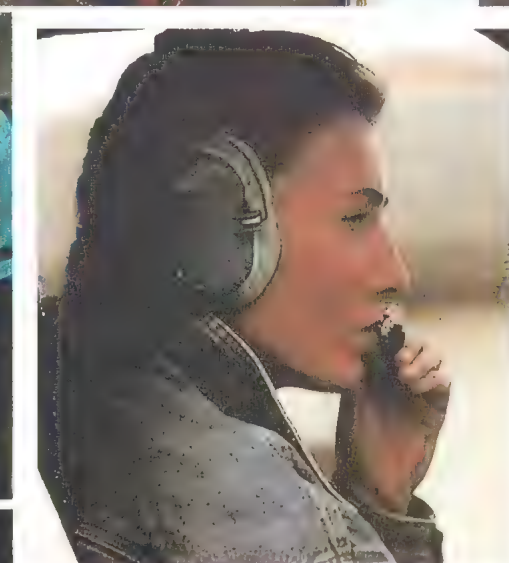
found favor with the then-ruling National Party. The Wayne Goss-led Labor Opposition slammed the idea at first. But after Goss was swept into power, suddenly the idea sounded just wonderful. It wasn't going to be cheap, though. With his constituency failing to do cartwheels over news of a massive loss of close to \$20 million on that first Indy Car show last March, Goss is attempting to pacify Queenslanders by trotting out the now familiar stuff about tourism potential and economic benefits.

Meanwhile, over in the wild west, the sandgropers didn't dip out on their go at plucking the motor sporting golden goose. It was in 1987 that EventsCorp, a division of the Western Australian Tourism Commission, began laying bait to catch a significant international motor sporting event. Coincidentally, highly regarded motor sporting official and competitor Garry Connolly had designs on bringing to Australia a round of the World Rally Championship. Connolly and EventsCorp got together and decided to go after a championship rally. It was a daring choice.

Rallying in its ultimate hair-raising, big-budget, hi-tech form certainly rivals Formula One in Europe, but was not a guaranteed crowd-puller in Australia. Educating Aussies about the special magic of rallying remains the primary task for the organisers of the Perth event.

But the first major hurdle was to convince the world governing body, FISA, that a bunch of people in the most isolated city on Earth was capable of conducting an international event. WA lodged a bid for a world championship rally later that year, and then, in November 1988, conducted a successful audition with the staging of an international-standard event. A hugely impressed FISA promptly granted WA a round of the World Championship in 1989.

Now, the World Championship Rally Australia, with Commonwealth Bank sponsorship and government underwriting, is heading into its third year and growing in status all the while. The message, it seems, is spreading. Last year more than 63,000 spectators watched the rally from designated spectator areas along the route. That's twice as many as the mob



Centre: Scouting about. Clockwise, Starting Top Right: The calm before the storm; glamor-puss Anne-Chantal Pauwels; Team Hong Kong Galant charging last year; Italian maestro Alex Fiorio; a Mazda 323 4WD wows Perth in 1990; jumping for the hell of it — Fiorio punishes the Lancia.

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WILD WEST

that watched the Gold Coast Indy Car Grand Prix and close to the official attendance at the '91 bike Grand Prix at Eastern Creek.

Organisers are working hard to take rallying to the people. Special stages are held in Perth itself and this year, for the first time, Rally Australia will feature an all-tarmac stage in the southern centre of Bunbury. The five-day event, from September 20 to 24, will consist of 39 special competitive stages totalling 576kms, with an overall distance of 2042kms. Much of the rally route winds through the pine plantations and towering jarrah forests of the state's south-western corner. Less of a visual delight and more of a threat are WA's notorious "ball-bearing" gravel surfaces, which offer far less grip than the tracks of Europe.

Reigning World Champion Carlos Sainz, the Spaniard who drives for Toyota, has a healthy respect for the course. "Australia is different from all the other rounds of the World Championship, because the surfaces are so unusual," Sainz says. "Tyres are very important in Rally Australia. Perhaps the most difficult thing is the trees, which come right to the edge of the tracks. This is not only dangerous but it also prevents the driver from seeing which way the road goes."

If Sainz is concerned about crash-tackling the odd jarrah tree, he at least doesn't have to worry about nailing a stray spectator. Crowd control in the west is efficiently managed, unlike at some European rallies, where fans often invade the course.

Some seasons ago, a competitor was aghast to discover a freshly-severed finger jammed in the rear spoiler of his car at the finish of one stage.

The clever organisation also extends to finance control. On the face of it, Rally Australia measures up as a political rarity, a WA Inc investment that hasn't gone bad. Unlike the NSW and Queensland governments, WA Inc and its successors got good advice. The rallies in 1989 and 1990 hit budgetary targets and reaped an impressive \$8 return on every \$1 outlaid by the WA government. It should be pointed out that this is not pure profit, but an economic benefit to the state.

EventsCorp contends that the rally boosted the Australian economy by an estimated \$15.2 million, with WA benefiting by \$9.8 million. Hotels, airlines, restaurants, equipment hire firms and car and truck rental businesses did a roaring trade.

But there are some lingering problems, mainly relating to Perth's isolation and the two-hour time difference to the populous eastern states. Being 4000kms (and a \$1000 airline ticket) away from the big population centres has hurt the numbers

of rally fans going to Perth each September. And being two hours behind Eastern Standard Time has hampered and complicated the rally TV news broadcasts. When Brian Henderson straightens his tie and prepares for the red light to come on at 6pm in Sydney, over on the other side of the country several dozen helmeted loonies are facing a few more hours of tearing around gravel tracks. It's close to 10pm on the east coast — often too late for a story to creep into the morning blats — when the rally day is done. Not surprisingly, steam wireless has been the rally's salvation, keeping those in NSW, Victoria and Queensland in touch with the latest during the off-peak hours.

Despite the inherent communication difficulties, coverage and awareness on the east coast is slowly increasing. But it's still nowhere near the levels of the car or bike Grands Prix. The irony is that the Commonwealth Bank Rally Australia receives more coverage in Barcelona and Helsinki than it does in Sydney and Melbourne. In defiance of the latest research, local sports editors continue to give priority to fast-fading favorites — horse racing, Rugby Union and golf. Motor racing is now among the top four sports in Australia, along with cricket, tennis, and Australian football.

The latter three are all ball sports — but balls are also obligatory in rallying. Big balls. Threading a 400-horsepower all-wheel-drive rally beast between tall timbers on a skating-rink road surface requires a blend of skill and courage. Rallying is savage and dangerous. A sobering statistic is that more rally drivers have been killed in World Championship events over the past decade than have Formula One drivers.

Budgets are massive, the stakes high. The big factory teams — Lancia, Ford, Toyota, Subaru, Mazda and Mitsubishi — will allocate upwards of a million dollars apiece on their Rally Oz crusade. Each team boasts dozens of personnel, mountains of spares, fleets of support vehicles. They'll have hundreds of tyres of different compounds and tread pattern, some of which will be rooted after a ferocious 12-15km thrashing. Such extravagance often sounds obscene to the outsider, but on the results hang mega marketing campaigns and, ultimately, sales success.

Toyota and Lancia are fighting over the 1991 championship, but the likes of Ford and Subaru are growing threats. The new Ford, with its seven-speed gearbox, blasts from standstill to 100km/h in less than four seconds and can see 215km/h in top. The car regularly reached this speed over the dark and icy Alpine passes on the Monte Carlo Rally.

There are dangers of a different nature in WA, where there is no snow or ice. Just robust jarrah trees, skaty ball-bearing gravel and kangaroos with navigational problems.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

ECHOES OF ANTIQUITY



Bruce and Sandra were getting ready to go to the theatre to see *Antony And Cleopatra*. "There's something so exotic about sphinxes and swords, don't you think?" said Sandra. "And all those men in loincloths."



Bruce said he was thinking more about things erotic than things exotic. "Cheops," murmured Sandra. "And Giza." "The Nile Delta," answered Bruce. "And the Valley Of The Kings." Sandra surveyed Bruce's obelisk and decided she could find a niche for it in her temple of Ankh.







"This is what Cleopatra did to Mark Antony," Sandra explained. "And this is where Mark Anthony would have drunk from the queen's cup," mused Bruce. With thoughts of the theatre forgotten, Sandra and Bruce gave themselves up to an ancient and timeless passion.



Legion of the Damned

Continued from page 41

The Legion is the last stop for desperadoes who have cut themselves off from everywhere else. Men like Frank, from Hamburg, who can't show his face at home again; Alexandro from Palermo, who escaped the Mafia one last time; Steve, from Ohio, about whom the only sure piece of information is his blood group. It's also a lure for mercenaries and men who view the chilling closeness of death as a drug. It houses a restless company of the naive, the defiant and the headstrong.

Mickey is an Englishman. He's large, lean, muscle-bound and deeply tanned. He could be the star of any war movie. Now, during the siesta when others are asleep or just dozing, Mickey's doing target practice with his rifle. He has manipulated the balance of his weapon so that every shot is a hit. He was the best shot in his regiment. "I was in the British Army for four years, in the French Legion for eight years and I've been here for five. Whenever I got somewhere, the war was over — a shame! But that will change. When my contract here is finished, I'll go to South Africa."

And what does he want to do there? Mickey's face is expressionless as he indicates the target and says: "Why do you think the man on the target is painted black?"

All over the world there are people on the run — millions of them. About 3500 men disappeared each year from West Germany alone before reunification. Some

end up with the Foreign Legion. And some have dealings with Willi the MP. Inevitably, disillusioned, they try to escape — try, just once in their lives, to become winners.

Willi brings them back to the barracks and reminds them of their oath: "Forever, till death do us part!" Willi himself understands a lot about capturing people, but very little about escape. All it took to push him off balance and dislodge him from his old life in Kiel was a rejected engagement ring. Willi left home — driven, he says, by heartbreak, not hatred. He found the Legion 13 years ago and became one of *los novios de la muerte*: the lovers of death.

Outside on Fuerteventura, a machine-gun chatters intermittently, accompanied by the dull thump of grenades. While on the south of the island tourists sunbake, in the north the Legionaries are exercising in 40-degree heat. The landscape is desolate: muddy brown ocean, brown sand, brown fields, brown hills. It's the same brown as the tracksuits of the soldiers who press themselves into the volcanic dirt. The brown legs and brown rocks are hard to tell apart; still, the machine-gunner tries to hit them. The men move — bowed, they race forward and then throw themselves down again. Finally, even though the M16 is still firing, the group reaches the retreating grenade throwers. They tackle them, tie them up and then stand above them victoriously. The manoeuvre is finished.

It's an exercise that would be unthinkable in most armies in the world, because the machine-gun isn't firing blanks. The grenades are real, too.

On the garrison parade ground, the Legionaries show that there is more to a rifle than shooting with it. Moving in forma-

tion, they perform the bayonet ballet *a la Fuerteventura* — hack, stab, one, two, three. These manoeuvres are a local invention and involve a baffling display in which the sweating soldiers thrust their rifles — armed with bayonets — up, twist and throw them through the air, catch them again, throw them to each other, dance back and forth, throw themselves flat on to the concrete, jump to the left, jump to the right, stamp, clap loudly, roll forwards, sideways, backwards, stabbing and shooting at the same time, to finish standing at attention, guns by their sides. Then they do the whole thing over again.

It's called the *Tabla de Armas* — the choreography of death, to which they scream bloodcurdling cries. After they've finished, they sing *La Bandera*, which is both the anthem and requiem of the Legion. Then they march off the parade ground, lifting their knees up to their chests, and disappear into the barracks.

Supported by his crutches, Adolf Dahmey looks on proudly. Most of his body is a wreck: legs, hips, teeth, and if he's not careful, his liver as well. It's cost him exactly 20,000 German Marks to reach this condition, not counting tax. That was how much money he borrowed from a Liechtenstein loan shark to set up a new household after his divorce. He was unable to meet the repayments on the loan, and after a while the house was repossessed. He was so ashamed that he ran away. The Legion's recruiting office in Barcelona saw a nice, fit 36-year-old and sent him to fight against the Polisario rebels in the Spanish Sahara.

"One night," says Adolph, "I snuck through the wire of the compound to go out a bit, and then wanted to sneak back in a different way." A watchman spotted him and, not being bothered to shoot, shouted at him. But Adolph couldn't speak any Spanish, and didn't understand. A hand-grenade followed.

Now Adolph is waiting for his Spanish citizenship. He drinks 20 beers a day, with the occasional bottle of Apple Corn on top of that. He likes to tell how the loan shark wrote to him in the desert, saying: "While you are playing wars in the Sahara, I will get the money from your parents!"

"I laughed at that," says Adolph. "My father stayed behind in Stalingrad and my mother died of a broken heart."

A lack of Spanish cost Jorg Weber his teeth. Jorg was a German soldier who deserted from border country barracks and his bad-tempered stepmother and ended up in the Legion. "I was supposed to recite the 12 commandments of the Legion," he says. "My instructor didn't understand my Spanish and hit me in the mouth. He knocked out all my front teeth." Later, Jorg says, he crept up unrecognised and slashed a meat cleaver across the instructor's eyes.

Continued on page 128

The Girls Of

\$6.95 NZ \$9.95* (INCL GST)

PENTHOUSE

Bare
Elegance
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Stir crazy

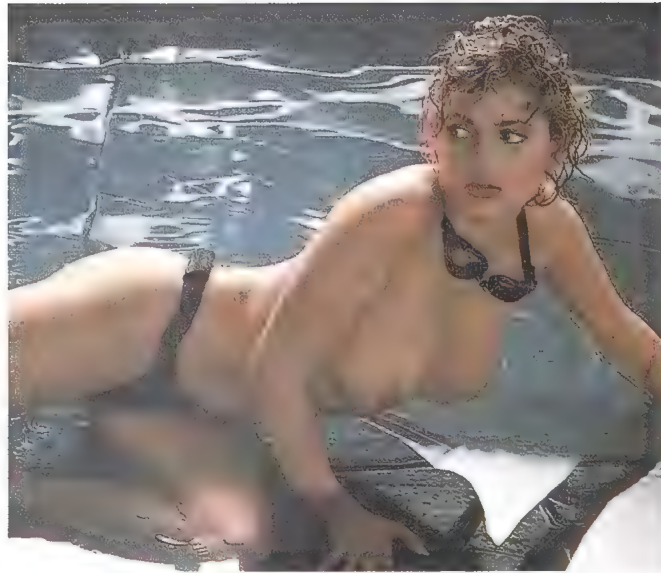
Some months ago there was a letter in Forum titled "All Tied Up." I found it extremely arousing as it centred on my strongest fantasy. Somehow I am obsessed with the fantasy of having a man tied and at my mercy. It would be a real bonus to have a girlfriend with me to share each other's delight in torturing this guy. (In my dreams he's always young, tanned and a real hunk.)

Here's the problem. When I say torture, I don't mean anything that hurts. Basically I just want to tickle the hell out of my victim. I've had girlfriends tell me how they've kept sucking their husbands or boyfriends after they come, but the men complain that it's too sensitive. I've had a boyfriend who held me down and gave no mercy while sucking my clit almost clean off. When I came it was super-sensitive but he kept going and, really, it tickled like you wouldn't believe.

Are men just wimps when it comes to tickling? Can it do any harm to rub a man's knob when he's coming? Before a man comes what's the best way to tickle him where it really counts? Or should I disregard all this and put it down to the fact that I have an unhealthy obsession?

This fantasy of yours doesn't seem to be either unhealthy or obsessive. I reckon a vast percentage of the world's women fantasise about having a man tied up and at their mercy! You appear to enjoy being tickled, and would like to tickle others. Fair enough, as long as they don't mind being tickled. Be aware that some people genuinely hate being tickled, or can stand only a little of it. To those people, prolonged tickling would indeed be torture.

Tickling can be highly erotic, but it can also be distracting if badly timed. For instance, a man about to come might not want to be tickled. He might want to be touched, rubbed, licked, kissed — but not actually tickled. Similarly, if a man likes



having his knob rubbed as he comes, all well and good. But he might not, in which case insisting on trying will spoil his enjoyment.

Perhaps what you're really getting at is that it's you that wants to be tied up and tickled yourself. Either way, I should imagine there are any number of young, tanned hunks out there who would quite happily oblige.

Let's dance

I am a male. I have a fetish for women's feet. Can you tell me something about this? Do females have the same fetish?

You haven't said to what extent your fetish influences your sex life. Strictly speaking, a fetish is something which is necessary to your having, or being able to have, sex. But people talk loosely of having a fetish when they mean that something simply turns them on. As long as the rest of your sexual activity isn't overshadowed by your fancy for feet, most women wouldn't find a foot fetish too distracting or weird to handle.

Women themselves very rarely have fetishes in the clinical sense. They may be turned on by some body part or find it attractive. The most common are hair, eyes, shoulders and arse. From what I can gather, feet are fairly low on the list, although I'm sure there are women out there who know how to appreciate a fine hoof.

Neanderthal

My woman used to give great head but re-

cently she's refused. She says I don't eat her enough. She doesn't come unless I eat her. I reckon she's been reading women's magazines because she reckons she should be eaten most times, and have orgasms more often than she does. She says she's not going to give me head unless I eat her back. I reckon that's chickenshit, or else she's turning nympho. What's a good amount of times a woman needs to come? I've been reckoning once every couple of weeks ought to keep her happy, but she's digging her heels in.

Hey, where have you been the past 50 years? Asleep? A "good amount of times a woman needs to come" is at least once per sexual encounter, preferably more. And that's moderate, not "nympho." I'd say that she should dig her heels in — very high stilettos, right into your back. That's probably how frustrated she is. Sex isn't just about shutting somebody up so you can get your Neanderthal rocks off. It's about mutual satisfaction. You're supposed to give as good as you get.

Hose down

What do you think of men who wear pantyhose?

Er, I hadn't given it much thought. I suppose lifesavers up north wear them in stinger season, for obvious reasons. Male ballet dancers in tights are very sexy, but they always have fantastic legs. If I encountered your average brickie in the street wearing sheers I'd think either he was a cross-dresser, or there was a medical reason for it, or he was a bit weird.

Double desire

I'm very keen to try sleeping with two women at the same time, and for it to be a real threesome, with the women interacting with each other as well. My girlfriend is nervous because she's never slept with another woman before and is afraid she won't like it, or won't know what to do. How can we fix this?

You could try watching some videos first. Your girlfriend will soon find out whether or

not the idea turns her on. She'll also get to see what others do and won't be so shy. You need to find a third partner who isn't threatening to your girlfriend and who is relaxed and enthusiastic about being part of a threesome.

Position problem

My boyfriend likes the position where I have my legs up over his shoulders. He has a biggish dick and it hurts. It feels like he's hitting bottom or something. It also hurts if he really slams when we're going doggy style. It's fine in any other position. He says there's something wrong with me. Do you think it's true?

Both the positions you mention especially facilitate deep penetration, and if he has a biggish dick, as you say, then he's probably overdoing it. It's quite possible that a well-endowed male "really slamming" in a deep-penetration position is going to hurt his partner. I doubt there's anything wrong with you. Your partner is showing a certain ignorance of female physiology. Or else he's just being selfish. Sex is supposed to be a matter of mutual enjoyment, and guys with big dicks generally learn to take it easy in positions that might hurt their partners. If he's not prepared to exercise some self-control, dig your heels in. Tell him what positions you like, and stick to them.

Conflict

My wife and I both come from strict families and she was a virgin when we married. I have always thought that she did her duty by me sexually, but didn't really enjoy herself.

But the other afternoon I came home unexpectedly and without disturbing her, I found her lying on the lounge room floor with her clothes off, her legs open wide, rubbing herself and using an object to stick up herself. She clearly had an orgasm, which she has never done with me. My first response was disgust, but even worse, I had an erection watching her. Now I don't know what to do. I feel she is a slut and no longer want to sleep with her. But I also can't stop thinking about her on the floor that day.

Your wife is not a slut. She is a woman in what appears to be a sexually unsatisfactory marriage who has found an outlet for her perfectly normal needs. You say you feel she never really enjoyed herself (or

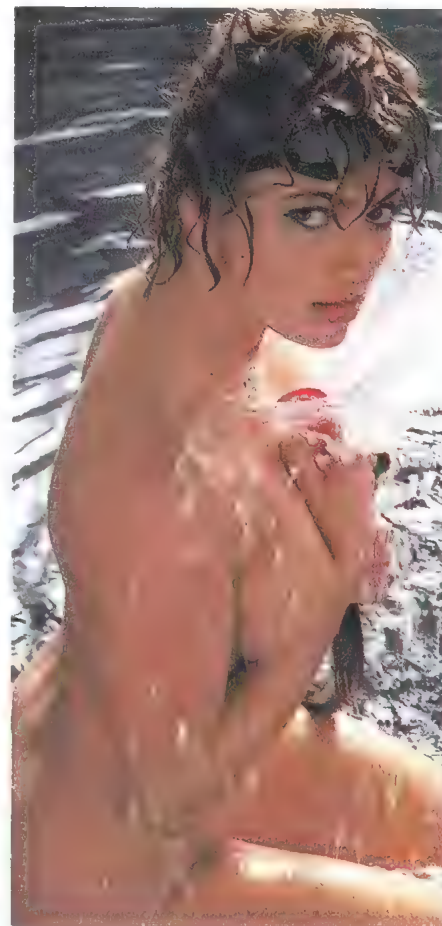
had an orgasm) when having sex with you. Did you ever try to cater to her needs so that she would enjoy herself?

It seems that your strict upbringing has taught you that the enjoyment of sex is immoral in some way and has caused you to deny your normal sexual responses. Hence your conflict of being disgusted on the one hand and having an erection on the other. Most people would find the sight of a masturbating woman highly erotic. So did you. Very normal. But now the status quo has been altered and you find it difficult to approach your wife.

I strongly suggest you summon your courage and seek counselling — independently. You might find the idea difficult at first, but you'll be surprised how much difference it will make. You need to resolve this conflict. At the moment you are missing out on — and depriving her of — one of the cornerstones of married life.

Saturated

My boyfriend becomes very insistent about sex when he's had too much to



drink. By that time, he's usually too smashed to get it up, so he gets me to suck his soft dick. Sometimes it takes ages. He says he'll get a hard-on and just to keep trying, when I know he won't. Then he falls asleep. I get really pissed off with this. It happens all the time.

Next time, get into a 69 so that at least something entertaining is being done to you while you work on his dick. If he won't, you shouldn't have to either. Brewer's droop is one thing, but if he's worried about you getting pissed off as well, that won't help him much. Instead of getting angry, cuddle up and catch him in the morning.

Dick size

Is it true that black men have bigger dicks? How much difference is there? What about Middle Eastern or Asian guys?

According to statistics compiled by the Kinsey Institute, the average black penis is slightly larger than the average white penis, which is in turn slightly larger than the average Asian penis. The difference is no more than a centimetre or so — not one that women would consider crucial.

As we always point out, cock size is primarily a male concern. The Kinsey Institute statistics on the racial differences in cock size were considered so inflammatory that they weren't released for 30 years. That's how stupid it all is.

Swinging

I encouraged my wife to join a sex group about a year ago. She was reluctant at first, but then she got into it in a big way. I began to feel jealous, but since I had initiated it, I didn't feel I was in a position to complain. Then she said she'd had enough and wanted to drop out. I was glad — until I discovered her in bed with one of the men from the group. Why did she say she wanted to drop out when she didn't?

Two is an affair — a couple, not a group. Apparently she did want to drop out of the group. She wanted the guy to herself — one of the hazards of swinging.

If you were jealous of the group, you're probably burning out at the one-on-one affair. Have you told her how you feel? If not, you should. Don't think that because you initiated the swinging, you're now stuck with the situation. ☐✎



forum

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ward and her orgasm neared. I teasingly grabbed hold of her hand and held it still while she wriggled her whole body in my arms, trying to bring herself off against my hand. She began to beg for my cock, reaching behind to squeeze it.

We stood up, kissed and she took off her T-shirt to reveal her large, firm breasts. I licked them all over, and at the same time slid her panties down and off her bronzed legs. As I did this, a droplet of pussy juice trickled down the inside of her leg, but I quickly caught it with my tongue and trailed back up its path to her pussy. I started kissing her around her erect clit and she rubbed herself into my face, panting: "Yes, oh, yes."

By this stage my cock was rigid and straining for relief, so I sat on the sofa while she manoeuvred herself until she was facing me, kneeling on the sofa either side of my legs, and poised just above my erect cock.

She inched her way down until my cock head had barely entered her pussy, then withdrew. She repeated this again and again, only sinking slightly deeper on to my cock each time, until I was fully inside her. Her pussy was extremely tight and felt searing hot as she paused and waited for her muscles to adjust to my cock's presence. Then she started twisting her pelvis around slowly. She speeded up uncontrollably, then changed pace, slowing down to savor the exquisite pleasure. Again she speeded up, humping me faster and faster, and told me to rub her clit with my thumb. As soon as I did this, she tipped over the edge and shook with a powerful orgasm.

She took my hand away from her clit and slowed her movements to a stop, but remained with my rock-like cock still inside her. I rhythmically massaged her tight rear with my hands and gently bit each of her nipples. When her breathing had slowed down, I grasped her by the hips and slowly pumped up and down inside her, increasing my speed as she responded once more, expelling her breath in short, animal-like groans with each thrust of my cock. She threw her head back as she crested a new peak and experienced what she later described as a "series of orgasms" that felt like pyrotechnics firing off at points all over her body. The sight of her with her head thrown back, eyes closed and breasts thrust forward, and the glorious

feel of her pussy muscles flexing up and down the length of my cock, pushed me past my limit, and I shot my sperm inside her as I came.

My girlfriend collapsed forward on top of me, and as our excitement cooled down I stroked her luxurious, silky, long hair, and kissed her soft lips just the way I know she likes. By this time, shadows had begun to lengthen across the room as the sun sank. Our efforts required some cooling refreshment, so together we finished off the passionfruit juice. It did not mark the end of our passion, however, for that was to continue further into the night. — *Name and address withheld*

Home at last

The plane was late and I was totally out of patience. All I wanted to do was get home. A quick phone call and the answering machine picked up. I wondered where the hell David was. I left a message, trying hard not to sound as upset as I was. The cab line was long, and it was all I could do not to scream at the stupidity of it all.

When I finally got home, I opened the door and saw the room awash in candlelight. Before I had a chance to open my mouth, his lips were on mine and his strong hands were easing the bags down to the floor.

"Hi," he murmured. "I missed you." With that he led me into the bathroom. I breathed deep, feeling the tension starting to ease as the sweet, perfumed air filled my lungs. With practised precision he undressed me and eased me into the tub of steaming water. I closed my eyes, giving way to the heady pleasure of it all. Moaning as a cool glass touched my cheek, I parted my lips and he poured cold champagne down my throat. He closed the door, leaving me to relax for a while before coming back to bathe me.

When he came back and started the bath, the mixture of his smooth hands and the rough sponge against my skin sent chills over my body. I parted my thighs, inviting his touch on my hungry clit. He ignored my silent request and set his own pace, soaping up my breasts, then kissing the nipples through the lather. All over me he went, massaging away the aches and pains, bringing me closer to orgasm.

Gently, he lifted me up and dried me off with a warm towel. He tenderly worked lotion into every nook and cranny of my body, then splashed perfume in all the places he liked best. He held my slippers while I eased my feet into their softness. He helped me with my robe. The silk felt wonderful against my pampered skin, and the pressure of his hands on my shoulders made my cunt cream.

The bed was covered with fluffy pillows, which he arranged beneath me as I leaned my tired body into them. A smile lit up his face while he spread my robe out, expos-

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HANK LONDONER

"I'm not doing much at the moment," says 20-year-old Lana Leigh. "I'm just hanging around looking after my uncle's place while he's in London." Lana thought she'd like a career in acting, but then discovered it wasn't going to be much fun. "It's awfully competitive. I don't want to have to scratch people's eyes out just to get my dinner."





Lana's thinking about applying to be an air stewardess. "I know it's hard work but I love people," she says, "and I'd surely like to travel and see the world." She says she's not thinking much about relationships right now. "When I fall in love I do it in a big way, though. It can be rather overwhelming."









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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

"You've got to be kind of energetic if you want to spend any time with me," says Alouetta Hayley, 24. "Let's just say I'm a driven woman!" Alouetta grew up in the country, but left it as soon as possible. "Give me city streets any day," she laughs. "I still hate cows."





Alouetta confesses that she's glad she's a full-fronted blonde. "I like male company a lot, and of course it helps to look the way I do. I've never had to look too far to find interested men. But I like 'em smoking hot, and a good one of those isn't quite so easy to find."



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ing my legs. He stroked my thighs lightly, running his hands up and down my flat stomach, occasionally grazing my breasts. He stood in front of me and took off his own clothes, then lowered himself down between my open legs. Starting at my toes, he kissed his way to my pussy. His tongue flicked along my cunt lips, parting them, exposing my inner sanctum of pleasure.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the thrill of his loving attention. No longer was the world a part of my thoughts. My vision was only of candlelight shimmering on the golden curls of his mane. I played with his hair as he ate my pussy. I could feel my first orgasm building within me. Before another minute passed, my juices were covering his face. He raised himself over me on his strong arms, sliding his cock into my wanton hole. We sighed as we began the familiar, slow, easy pace of fucking. We each became more demanding in our own way, building to a high we could never have achieved alone. Our orgasms ripped through our relaxed facades as we screamed in ecstasy.

Slowly, he eased down on top of me. I held him in my arms as we drifted off to sleep. All I could think was how wonderful

it was to finally be home. — *Name and address withheld*

Another man

I rolled off my wife after one of the most inspired fucks in the five years of our marriage. She lay passionately writhing about, her hands pressed against her pussy, her thighs tightly closed. "My God, it would take two men to satisfy you," I whispered.

"Bring him in, bring him in now," she gasped.

As I lay thinking about it, the idea of watching another man fucking her began to excite me and in no time I had another enormous erection. The following morning I asked her if she had meant it and she said: "It'd be fun."

A day or two later I was having a drink with a young press photographer who was looking a bit disconsolate. His girlfriend, a married woman of 30, had gone back to her husband. "She's ten years older than I am but she just wanted to fuck and fuck," he told me.

I asked him if he'd like to meet another woman in her 30s who just wanted to fuck and fuck. He jumped at it, and even when I told him it was my wife, he didn't seem put off. So I rang my wife, but she didn't sound enthusiastic. "I'll look him over," was all she said.

As soon as we walked into the flat, I could see her mood had changed. She was skittish. Her eyes were sparkling, her

lips full and her tits standing out provocatively. The shape of her nipples could be clearly seen through her thin silk blouse. When she swirled about serving drinks her flared skirt lifted, revealing a good length of shapely thigh, and even, at times, a glimpse of very brief black panties.

She and the guy took to each other immediately. They both knew what he was there for. After a couple of drinks I made an excuse to go to my den to phone. When I came back about ten minutes later, I caught one of the most sexually exciting scenes I have ever witnessed.

My wife was lying half across the guy, her cloud of honey-colored hair spread all over his thighs as she sucked his prick. Up and down bobbed her head and I could hear the luscious slurping sound as her tongue swirled around his organ. He lay with his head back, his tongue lolling out. He had lifted her skirt and was stroking her arse, letting his fingers slip in to reach for her pussy.

Presently she raised her head and they locked together in a soul-searching kiss as he pulled open her blouse and fingered a nipple. A moment later he bent and sucked a tit, first taking in just a nipple, then opening his mouth and sucking in the whole areola. He had two fingers up her saturated cunt.

Then she pushed him aside and stood up. She tossed off her blouse and

unfastened her skirt and stepped out of her panties. She threw a cushion on the floor and lay naked on the carpet. As he tore off his shirt and dropped his trousers he took in every detail of her body from her dreamy, glazed eyes to her proud, inviting tits, to her parted legs and her pouting pink cunt. Her arms reached upwards in invitation.

In a moment he was upon her. She put her hand down to guide his cock in, but it was so rigid it slipped between her cuntlips itself. She gave a loud moan as his cock slowly penetrated to its full length.

Then he began a slow pumping action. I could see his cock withdrawing almost until its purple head appeared before plunging back until he was grinding their mounds together, his balls pressing against her as though he wanted to get them into her cunt too. The pace increased, the heat rising, until I could see my beautiful wife had almost reached a climax. She met every poke of his cock with a thrust of her cunt.

Suddenly she pushed herself upwards with a wild yell and clung to him with a series of convulsions as he shot his cream into her in several massive explosions.

She fell back limply on to the carpet. He lay on her, kissing her face and shoulders with his cock still deep in her cunt. About three minutes later he started a gentle pumping action again. She took a deep breath and wrapped her limbs around him like an insect-catching plant trapping a fly. He was giving her a second fuck without unhooking.

It was vigorous and exciting with the guy gasping loudly as he relentlessly drove his prick deep into her and my wife yelling: "Fuck me hard, fuck me hard, you bastard."

It was almost as shattering for me watching them as it was for my wife. I couldn't help masturbating until I juiced into my handkerchief. I watched my wife arch her back and jerk herself at his raging cock as she came again and again. Then she collapsed on to the carpet in a lather of sweat.

Later I was to discover another of the delights of sharing one's wife. She showered and went to bed. I took it that she was exhausted, but when I crawled in beside her she wrapped her arms around me and whispered, "Fuck me, darling, I want you to fuck me." She smelt of spunk. Her tits were firm and full with her nipples pressing into my chest. Her lips were pouting and eager.

When I slipped my cock into her she murmured: "Yes, oh yes." I slid the whole length into her and she wrapped her legs and arms around me like a hungry boa. I could feel her hungry cunt pulsating around my cock. Her hot moist lips were sucking at mine as eagerly as her cunt was sucking my cock. We had the most incredible fuck and spent all night doing it again and again.

Naturally, the experiment has been repeated many times — sometimes with the same guy, and sometimes with others, all with wholly satisfying results for her and me. — *Name and address withheld*

Ice and fire

My favorite time with Tim, my man, has been a special fantasy of mine for along time. We were lying in bed one summer afternoon. The air was cool and we were hot. We were getting horny but were reluctant to go at it hammer and tongs, feeling more like a gentle fuck or something.

I said to Tim: "Okay, the game is to pretend you're tied to this bed, you're blindfolded and you may not open your eyes or move. If you do, the roles are reversed, and I take your place."

I left the room to arm myself with a few items like a bucket of ice, vibrator, feather, oil, anything I could lay my hands on in the heat of the moment. As I got back into the room, I told Tim to close his eyes, because the game was beginning. When we were both starkers, I settled myself between his legs and chose my first weapon — the ice. Holding it in my hand so that it melted, I allowed a cold drop to fall on his right nipple. As he gasped, I warned him to keep his eyes closed and not to move.

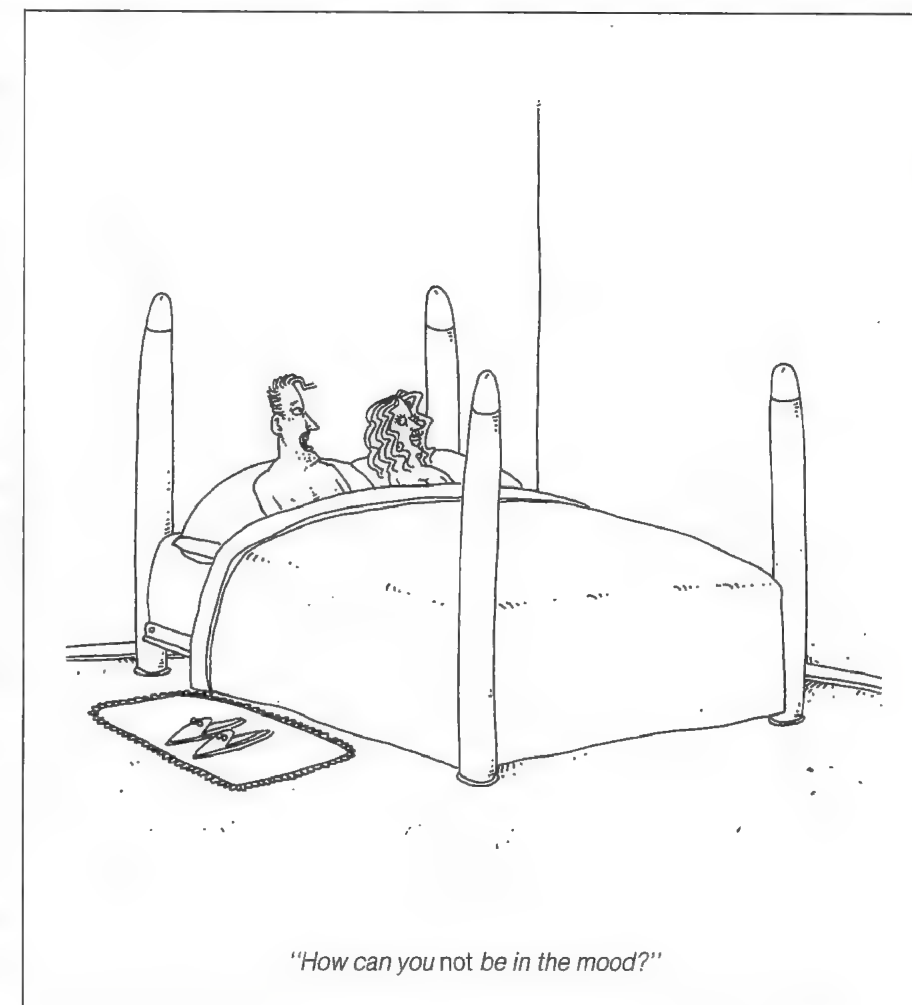
I ran the ice up his sensitive stomach, around his nipples and stopped. Quietly, I picked up the feather and tickled exquisitely the underside of his balls, while at the

same time slipping my hot mouth around his cock. He groaned. I filled my hands with oil and warmly and firmly massaged his balls and buttocks, all the time sucking and teasing his cock. Tim was begging me to stop.

I poured the oil over my full, hard tits, and rubbed them up through his legs, over his straining cock and settled them around his aching tool. I took a peeled banana, crushed it between my fingers, and buried his cock in the firm, wet fruit. I ate this off, teasing with my mouth, nuzzling softly, and sucking hard and strong for alternate seconds only. I went up for a kiss and to share my bounty with Tim. That was enough for him. He lost it, and urgently rammed his love-shaft up to the hilt into my dripping cunt. I came in waves and waves of contractions and pleasure, and still kept riding his cock with a beautiful rhythm. All of a sudden he stopped.

"Right, bitch," he said, "your turn." I was hoping for this, because I adore being blindfolded and unable to move, even if it's only in my imagination, but I wasn't prepared for what happened next.

I could hear Tim rummaging around in the ice bucket. I squirmed, because I knew how cold ice could be if you didn't know where it was going to touch you next. I was not prepared to feel Tim's hot mouth come down on my clitoris and suck me to another orgasm, while at the same time slowly filling me up with icecubes. I don't



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forum

know how many he put in me, just that I was boiling hot on the outside and freezing cold on the inside and when I came, freezing liquid ran out over my arse.

I was almost out of my mind when he stopped. I wondered what he was going to do next. Tim has a gorgeous body, with lots of downy body hair, so just feeling his chest up against mine makes me hot. That was all I wanted at the moment. "Fuck me," I begged him.

We couldn't prolong it any longer. He lifted my arse and placed his throbbing cock-head against my desperate pussy. He pushed it in about half an inch. We both gasped at the temperature of the water.

I reached down and pulled his glorious body up on to mine, aching to feel skin on skin. We moved together gently at first, while my pussy changed from freezing cold to deliciously warm and then to very hot. We fucked strongly and deeply and came while clinging to one another, still kissing. — *Name and address withheld*

Nightclubbing

A couple of months ago I had a fantastic experience which I would like to share with you. I had just split up with my girlfriend, whom I'd been going out with for six months without any sex. During that time I had done my best to be patient but despite the fact I liked everything else about her, her lack of sexual enthusiasm was too great a hurdle and we split up.

So there I was on the way to the wedding of one of my friends, full of enthusiasm and apprehension. There would be a

reception, right? That means lots of women all dressed up to the nines — just the right atmosphere for a return to form on my part. I was quite pissed off to find that I was the only single person at the wedding. At the reception, while all the couples danced, I just drank a lot.

After the reception, we decided to go on to a nightclub. By this time I was so pissed and horny that I didn't know whether to blow my load or spew my guts out. Inside the club my friend pointed out two women to me. "Why don't you introduce yourself to those two over there? They've been staring at you and giggling to each other for a couple of minutes now." So it was with a little Dutch courage that I strolled up to these two lovely PRs (Potential Roots).

I introduced myself and they both commented on how smart I looked in my suit. After a couple of dances with these women I was having trouble working out which one I was going to try to fuck. My mind was made up for me when Karen (she was tall and slender with short brown hair) told me that they were both arguing about who was going to fuck me, and they had decided to compromise and let me have them both. Well, fuck me with a chainsaw! I certainly didn't expect this.

While Karen was getting a drink, Debbie (she was shorter than Karen but had long blonde hair and huge tits) took me by the hand and dragged me out the door. She began whispering in my ear about how she wanted me to fuck her there and then, in a big way. We went into an alley at the side of the building and she knelt down in a puddle of water and started tugging at my zip. I gave her a hand in taking my cock out and she took my semi-stiff member and at

once clamped her mouth around it. She had such a good style that I was forced to lean against the wall to avoid my knees giving in. She started to lick the now-purple head of my cock while she dug her fingers into my arse cheeks. Then she started to slide my cock in and out of her mouth, slowly, inch by inch.

She began to move more and more quickly. Just as I was about to come she moved her lips around the end of my knob and squeezed them together. I begged her to keep going but she said that when I came, she wanted me inside her.

She fondled my balls while I unhitched her bra and pulled open her blouse. She stood up and leaned back against the wall. I took one of her breasts in my mouth and rubbed her crotch. She leaned down and pushed her lace panties off and kicked them away. I noticed that she had a beautiful pussy with lovely brown pubic hair that she obviously kept well trimmed. Even though I was standing, I could smell her fantastic aroma so when she grabbed my ears like a set of handle bars I decided that it was time to dive.

I hadn't tasted pussy for a long, long time and I attacked that ball of muff like a man possessed. It wasn't long before she was bucking her hips back and forth and writhing in ecstasy. My face was getting covered in her sweet cunt juice and I was glad that she finally came because I was thinking about calling for a lifeguard. I rose to my feet and when her breathing returned to normal she kissed my mouth and licked her sticky love juice off my face.

She continued to work with her tongue and licked her way down to my now limp cock. It wasn't long before her excellent sucking style had me back at full mast again. I turned her around and spread her legs slightly apart as she leaned against the wall. I then entered her from behind, at first just giving her the head of my member. Then I drove the full length straight into her and she let out a little scream. While I was driving her deep she reached around and played with and pulled at the hair on my arse. I squeezed her tits extremely hard and her hands made fists as she leaned against the wall in front of us.

We both came in a shuddering climax and I thought that her loud moans would reach the people in the car park just around the corner. I slid my softening prick out of her pussy and she let out one last small moan. Then she got down on her knees and cleaned all of her wonderful pussy juice off my now-empty mutton gun.

As we straightened our clothes and prepared to go back inside the nightclub, Debbie said: "Aren't you glad I was the one who got to fuck you?" I answered that I certainly was. Then, without thinking, I stupidly said that I would still like to fuck Karen. That was a big mistake. She started swearing at me and abusing me so I decided it was time to go home. — *Name and address withheld*

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Other girls

I am a 24-year-old Phys. Ed. graduate specialising in women's sport. Consequently, an active lifestyle has helped me maintain a good figure (36-25-35).

A few months ago I was asked through an associate of mine to speak at a seminar being conducted on the NSW north coast. As I felt quite capable of presenting the required workshop I accepted, although I knew I'd be on my own in a strange town. Not daunted however, I booked myself into a motel and drove up.

The workshop went quite well — I had a good, responsive audience of women representing various sports. However, all through the workshop, my attention was drawn again and again to a young girl sitting towards the back of the class who seemed to be studying me with a strange intensity. There was something about her that I could not explain. She reminded me of someone, but that wasn't it. She seemed to exude a very raw, exciting kind of sensuality that was hard to ignore. Having never felt any kind of stirring towards other women before, I was a little perplexed.

When the session finally finished and everyone had made their slow, chatty way out of the room, the girl remained behind and approached me, introducing herself as Samantha. Again I was stunned by her sensuality. She was probably not much more than 18 years of age but the way she presented herself indicated a maturity that belied her years. She was quite tall with short blonde hair cut in a rather boyish fashion. Big blue eyes peered out at me and unashamedly walked all over my body.

As we talked I discovered that she was the younger sister of a girl with whom I had gone to university. She and her sister had a house in town, and Samantha insisted that I come back with her, as her sister would simply love to see me again. As I had nothing much planned, I eventually accepted.

We spent the rest of the afternoon at the local pool where we each did about 1km of laps before heading home. On the way, Samantha explained to me that her sister, whom I was meant to be visiting, was visiting her boyfriend and might not return

home for a while. By this time though, Samantha and I had become good friends and so I didn't really mind.

Once we got home we both had a drink and Samantha put on some music. We talked almost non-stop, as though we had known each other for ages. But suddenly Samantha stopped and told me to make myself useful and give her a much needed massage which, after all, was a skill I was supposed to be a professional in. She laid a towel out on the floor and lay face-down on top of it. Like myself, Samantha still had her swimsuit on and I was presented with an utterly beautiful, tanned, lithe body.

As I began my massage she reached down and pulled her swimsuit up tight so that it moved right up the crack of her buttocks. I moved my hands down and was not surprised to find my heart pounding at least three times my normal pulse rate as I pulled, squeezed and stretched her taut muscles as best as I could. When my hands moved toward the small of her back she very suggestively and invitingly raised her hips off the floor. I tried to ignore her action but she simply crept forward on the towel, so that my hands were now hovering directly over her arse.

At last I complied and moved my hands down ever so tentatively, but not without attempting to play the whole scene down.

Up to this spot, all conversation had ceased, but now I tried to start anew by

asking her about her social life, or her boy-friends. Her reply stopped me dead in my tracks. "No," she murmured, "I've given up on boys for a little while. I'm having far too much fun with other girls."

Having said this, she now raised herself and faced me, her eyes locked into mine. I was riveted. With a smile, she slowly began removing her costume and asked me if I liked her body.

When I failed to give her a reply she said: "Don't be afraid to say yes. I mean, even I like my body, as much as I like yours. And there is absolutely nothing wrong with liking, or wanting another girl."

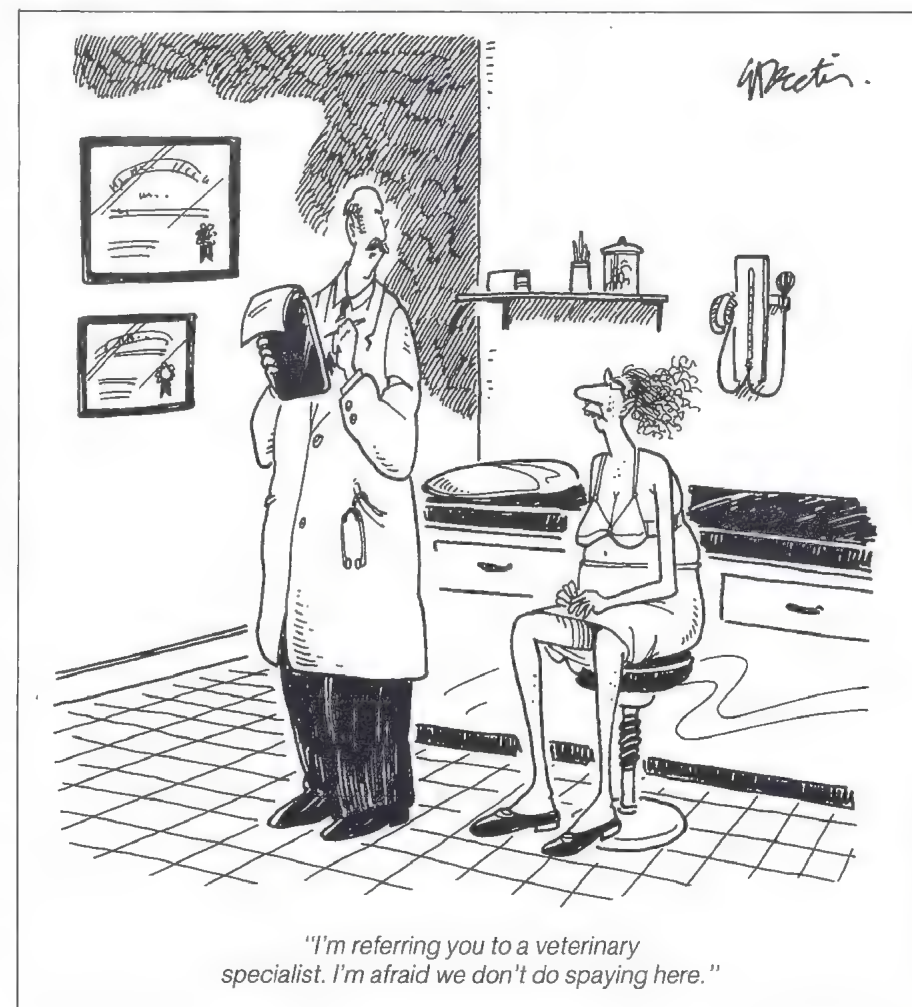
After that piece of dialogue I was even more dumbfounded, and I found myself visually devouring her as she continued stripping. She had the most gorgeous body I have ever seen. She was golden brown all over with small, yet firm and full breasts, so perfectly round it seemed impossible; her stomach was flat and muscular and her legs long, strong and shapely. My eyes trailed down her blemish-less body to her small, smooth little pussy, nestled beneath just the tiniest tuft of soft blonde pubic hair. She pulled me toward her and I felt as if I were bolted to the ground.

My objections went unheeded as she gently kissed me on my lips and drew me closer still until our breasts crushed together. When I began to respond to her kiss, she slowly peeled my swimsuit off

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and let her hands settle between my now trembling and soaking thighs.

Pulling away from our kiss, she smiled and said: "Oh here's something that needs to be fixed." By this time I was so completely aroused that I was ready to succumb to anything at all. Knowing this, she led me into the bathroom and turned on the shower. I was still trembling as she knelt in front of me and doused my pussy in warm water. Before I knew what was happening, she had lathered me in shaving cream and began shaving my pussy from top to bottom, with sure, even strokes, until it was as smooth as silk. All my complaints and supposed objections were merely obligatory and she ignored them with obvious delight. When she was finally done I was nearly on the verge of collapsing from the intensity of it and almost screamed in delight when she buried first one, then two fingers deep in my throbbing, dripping cunt.

We somehow made it to the bedroom, where we collapsed on the bed. Samantha was now wasting no more time. Her lips crushed hard against mine, our tongues lashing together in the most passionate kiss I have ever experienced. Sensing my urgency she now moved quickly down my quivering body.

She paused to briefly suck and bite my nipples, which were so hard I thought they were going to launch themselves at the ceiling. She had barely buried her tongue inside me when I came in a flurry of violent spasms that racked my entire body over and over again.

When my climax had subsided, Samantha slithered back on top of me, her sweet face drenched in my juices. Nothing was said and we kissed for what seemed like hours. The simple act of kissing another woman was incredibly erotic. But I tore myself away from her mouth and began kissing her all over, wanting to taste and devour every inch of her. Her moans grew and inspired me. I was on a high. This was a euphoria I'd never known before and as I homed in on her pussy, I had to actually suck in my breath. I had never been so close to another woman's sex before and my stomach was doing hurdles as my tongue gradually settled and entered her beautiful, tight and almost hairless vagina.

After my first taste of pussy, I was hooked. Within minutes I was an expert and in love with what I was doing. Much to Samantha's well-voiced delight, I began exploring every crevice of her cunt, spreading her lips wide and nibbling, biting and chewing her clit like there was no tomorrow.

Her moans grew louder, inspiring me even further. The last of my inhibitions disappeared as I left her dripping snatch and pushed my tongue deep into her tight, pink asshole. While in the shower I had seen her vigorously soaping herself there so I had no reservations about doing this.

Her reaction was incredible. She screamed loud enough to wake the dead and begged me to go deeper still. She was now kneeling on all fours, and, as I grabbed her thighs and prepared to ram my tongue further up her arse, she reached back and began furiously fingering her overheating clit. I pushed my tongue in so hard it hurt my jaw, pulling back on her thighs at the same time. I was experiencing a totally unrivalled passion and desire. I tongue-fucked her for an eternity before burying myself back in her delicious pussy.

But Samantha had other ideas. She turned around and breathed: "69." Within seconds we were in position, with me on top.

We launched ourselves at each other's

cunts, our sweat-soaked bodies mashing together, hands on each other's buttocks, revelling in the taste, smell and feel of raw, unbridled sex.

Our action built to a fever pitch. Samantha was now fingering my asshole, slipping two fingers deep within my virgin passage while never ceasing or slowing her oral assault on my boiling clit. I have never experienced anything like it before. I didn't want it to end.

Suddenly it seemed as though there was an electric charge running through us, a continuous current that began somewhere in my stomach and poured through my cunt into Samantha's mouth and back into my own mouth through her pulsating snatch.

Juices poured into my mouth and all over my face as Samantha burst her dams, a split second before I did, our bodies trembling uncontrollably on the verge of total blackout until, finally exhausted, we collapsed in a sweating, disbelieving huddle.

Afterwards we lay together, fondling and caressing. Samantha told me of how she'd discovered lesbian love with a schoolfriend of hers about a year before and how it had helped her through the difficult period of her parents' divorce. We have since planned a skiing trip this season and she is bringing her friend with her. Let the good times roll. — Name and address withheld



JOKER IN THE PACK

Continued from page 52

Kirwan, the other great winger in world Rugby, Campese's record is far from spotless — but neither is anyone else's. A 17-stone giant with skill, breakneck speed and room to move can be expected to beat his opponent as often as not — just as Campese, using acceleration, sidestep and subtlety, has done against Kirwan. But courage is not simply a matter of being ready to lay down your body for your country. Courage is about nerve as well as unflinching resolve. In his first ever touch of a football in a Test match, at the age of 19, Campese had no support near him and obviously the safe thing to do was boot it out. Instead he chose to take on his opposite number, Stu Wilson, a revered champion All Black. With his trade-mark goose-step — a sort of feinting movement followed by an explosion of speed — he blew Wilson off the paddock. That was courage.

As the coach of the Australian team, Dwyer has strong feelings about this, because he reckons "our biggest problem — and this is true of more players than the reverse — is to get them to seize the initiative and do something positive, rather than try and hide to make sure they don't make a mistake. The courage to try to *succeed* is the most difficult kind of courage to attain. How often do you see teams who wait until they've lost before they really give it a good shot to win? They'll throw the ball around in the last ten minutes of a game to try and win it because they've played poorly, unaggressively and negatively for the first 70 minutes. That's rubbish."

In a game where men are expected, if necessary, to fall on loose balls and possibly be torn limb from limb by a rampaging pack of brutes — a more frightening prospect than anything that can happen in a game of Rugby League — the pursuit of individual glory at the expense of the team is gravely frowned upon. But is Campese really an egotist, an individualist, either on the field or off it? Dwyer believes that is the public perception, but reckons it's certainly not true. "There's one thing about Campo's game that doesn't receive any publicity at all — his workrate is *fantastic*. One of the reasons I like to play him on the wing is that he plays wing and fullback as well — he gets through a huge amount of work on the other side of the field." When Australia played England at Twickenham in 1988, Campese ran from the left wing to make two tackles in succession on the right wing; England got the ball from the ruck and speared it back toward Campese's wing, so he raced acrossfield in cover, took an intercept near the opposite touchline and ran the length of the field to score. The English commentator remarked: "Campese's not as quick as some people think — they were overhaul-

ing him at the end." He had, as Dwyer points out wryly, just run the equivalent of a 200-metre steeplechase.

Campese knows he's good; he'd have to be a halfwit not to have worked that much out. But he's an extremely, almost painfully, shy man — perhaps the last person in the world you'd expect to walk into a bar, down half a dozen ales and indulge in a bit of chest-thumping self-aggrandisement. His footballing exploits might be exotic, but off the field he's about as pretentious as a Volkswagen Beetle. "I think it's amazing," says Dwyer, "that he keeps his feet on the ground as well as he does." No player of Campese's stature from any country makes himself available to the public, especially kids, as much as he does. Of his own character, Campese reflects circuitously: "When I was younger, I was very quiet and sort of listened and learned. Now that I'm older, I'm probably still the same. (*Chuckles*.) I'm not a guy

“Maybe when I make a mistake they think it's because of the Italian mentality. Maybe they think: 'He's just a wog.'”

who'll say, 'Come on fellas — let's go and do this.' I'll just sit back and let someone else lead and I'll follow."

All the inaccurate criticisms and baseless assumptions have left Dwyer at something of a loss to explain the widespread antipathy toward his star player. There is of course the great Australian bugbear of envy directed at the extravagantly gifted; but there are two other factors, though, that Dwyer thinks may be apposite. First, he believes that within the hidebound professional-class rah-rah mob, there's a great deal of ignorance, in many cases, of what the game is all about: "I mean, you'll get ten times as many people clapping a kick as you'll get clapping an extraordinary flash of genius — say, the ability to hold up a pass when you're three inches off the ground. Sometimes they'll applaud a kick when there was a two-man overlap; it really makes you worry. And this Campese is someone who comes from outside that conservative element, who they don't understand — and it's a bit like the way they shot the Aborigines when they first came here. There was the same attitude to Mark Ella when he started playing at the

top level."

Then there's Campese's glamorous lifestyle. He plays the off-season in Italy, a country with an extremely liberal interpretation of Rugby "amateurism"; he constantly jets around the world as a high-profile "Rugby troubador", he wears flashy, upmarket clothing, he's exposed to a great many other glamorous people — and undoubtedly there is resentment of that. Campese, who seems quite befuddled by the Australian public's attitude toward him, observes: "I think it's got something to do with my ancestry [his father was born in Italy]. Maybe, when I do make a mistake, they think it's because of the Italian mentality. Maybe they think: 'He's just a wog.' (*Chuckles*.)"

David Campese plays Rugby Union the way he does because he loves the majestic spectacle of the game — the 15-man game, not the monotonous ten-man kick-and-chase game of British extraction, which he calls "rubbish." He has been offered more money by more clubs than any other player in attempts to entice him to Rugby League — sums that would have made him a millionaire. But his greatest concern is to use his unique talents to help keep Rugby Union alive and healthy: "The only way to get people to watch the game in Australia, because League is so dominant, is to play a style of Rugby that will get people saying, 'Great — when's the next game?'" Ironically, he's paid a high price for that commitment to public entertainment, and he resents the ingratitude of officialdom in particular: "I'm not trying to sound like a whinger, but I think people sometimes don't appreciate what you're trying to do for them. They take you for granted. I get treated better in New Zealand than I do in Australia. Over there, people respect you for what you can do and what you have done. Here, as soon as you play a bad game you're the worst player ever."

Fortunately for Campese his biggest fan, the Australian coach, is also a selector. Bob Dwyer says the public perception of Campese is not and has never been the players' perception: "If you asked all the really good players what they thought of Campese, they'd all say: 'Fantastic.'" Because their own egos were not threatened by Campese's genius? "Yes. Possibly." And where would Dwyer place Campese among all those he has coached in a generation? "Without any doubt on the absolute top line. The only question is who else ought to be up there with him." Could he answer it? (*Pause*.) "Possibly Mark Ella. (*Long pause*.) And maybe Michael O'Connor. Not too many others."

The 1991 Rugby World Cup, the showcase of the game, begins in October. Hopefully the hounds of mediocrity will be kept at bay so we can have the privilege of watching David Campese, the greatest attacking Rugby player of his generation, do what he does best. 



BLUES

"The saxophone is the best musical instrument in the world," says Isa Saxe, 22. "It's rich and dark and full of feeling. Really good blues sax makes my stomach knot up, and that's how well I want to play. I'd like to really move people with music."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS DEFRANCESCO

MOVES

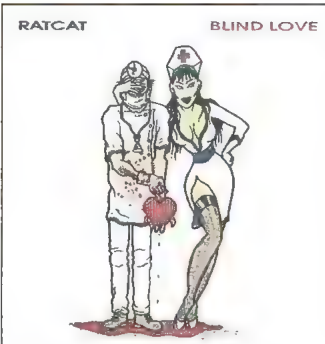




The saxophone has played a part in Isa's family history. "My grandfather was a foundling baby. He was found outside the door of an orphanage in Paris, tucked into half of a saxophone case. So that's how my family got its name. And that's why sax music has always been special to us."







LINING UP LOOSE ENZ

Sometimes it seems that the Enz never really did Split, they simply realigned, amoeba-like, into numerous spin-off configurations. With the brothers Finn reunited in Crowded House (with Enz drummer Hester), **Schnell Fenster** seems to be the other Enz Valhalla. Original Enz guitarist Phil Judd contributes the lyrics and a lot of the music to *OK Alright A Huh Oh Yeah* (WEA), the collective Mr Fenster's second album. With Judd's dark (yet pop) vision and commanding vocals, he and the lads sound like they've "got a vivid imagination... spinning it around until there's nothing left to say." From the opening, affirmative title track the



Fensterians provide a dense backdrop (especially guitarist Michael Den Elzen) and diverse influences abound. "Who's gonna fill the gap when your heroes let you down... Wild Bill Hickock-Jesus-Mr Magoo..." Not one to let sleeping melodies lie, Judd has also been busy in the soundtrack department. Last

year's award-winning *The Big Steal* (WEA) has his instrumentals as well as S. Fenster, the Makers (former Enz keyboardist Eddie Rayner) and Tim Finn. Judd's latest instrumental offering is also from film land. Drink in *Death In Brunswick* (WEA) through your ears and you can taste the retsina. Judd, with Greek composer Peter Volaris, evokes moods that have a life way beyond a mere backing track.

A less complicated (musically at least) view of life comes from **Ratcat** on *Blind Love* (rooArt). They've been hawking their wares round the pubs for the past five years, generating huge support on the indie scene. Within six months of the release of their *Tingles* EP they're at the top of the pop charts and touring nationally in the coveted support spot for INXS. Their first album through a major company neatly takes stock of their immediately familiar material. That's not to say they are excessively derivative, though echoes of the Ramones and Hoodoo Gurus linger. This frantic, fuzzed-out guitar pop trio (headed by Simon Day) digs its fangs into juicy melodies and quickly wrestles them to the ground for an instantly gratifying snack. Day prowls the concert stage with a streamlined pub persona while the rhythm section does little more than head-nodding back-up. This matters little on disc where their energy is irrepressible except at "The End", where they sound a bit shagged and develop a touch of "Twin Peaks."

The **Screaming Jets** share a record label and an energy level with Ratcat, but that's about all. They are loud-mouthed, long-haired, bare-chested thrashers in tight trousers spitting out rock-and-roll bravado. *All For One* (rooArt) shows these Novocastrians are capable of big melodies as well as thump and grind.

A new haircut isn't the only change of style for **Pat Benatar** on her latest as she exposes a *True Love* (Chrysalis) for the blues. She's eschewed her pop rock posturing and dives head first into a swinging, rollicking pool of blues and boogie. The only change of pace is late in the

"Evening" when Ms Pat settles back with a bluesy ballad that has sultry sax sliding around on swished snare brushes and vibrating organ chords. A cast of veterans provide the music (including hubby Neil) and Benatar sounds like it comes from the heart.

An earlier generation of whiteys pursuing a love of black rhythm and blues is celebrated on *Over Under Sideways Down* (Raven). This is the world's first comprehensive anthology of **The Yardbirds** (1963-68). They proved a training ground for the original wave of guitar gods: Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. The lads (featuring vocalist



Keith Relf) delivered blues with a young punkish thrash that progressed over the years from Jimmy Reed to the riffing Page used in his next project (Led Zepelin).

Two other performers who are never lost for words are **Chris Bailey** and **Paul Kelly**. "Don't Start Me Talking" begins Kelly (with The Messengers) at the start of *Comedy* (Mushroom). True to his word, the prolific Kelly manages to fill a double album before the needle leaves the groove (quaint antique reference to black platters). In isolation the songs are often strong statements; *en masse* they merge into one long musical conversation.

From beginnings as Australia's premier punk bard with the Saints in 1978, Bailey has a rich history of songwriting. Last year he took himself away from local support systems and preconceptions to Memphis to wrestle with some *Demons* (Mushroom). He may fancy that he's "done a runner from the asylum," but I fear he's stuck with being the musically rich fantasiser he always was. — *Jeremy Cook*

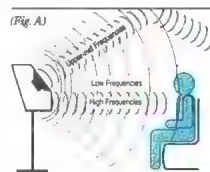
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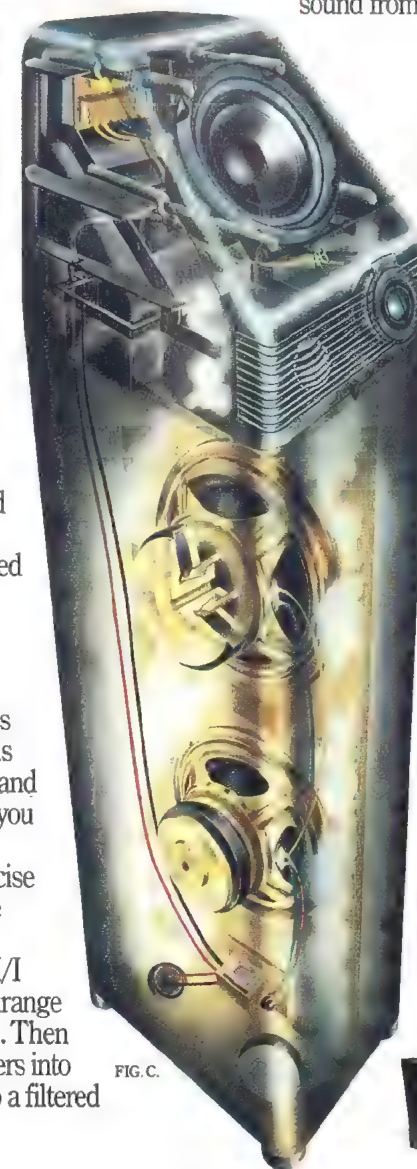
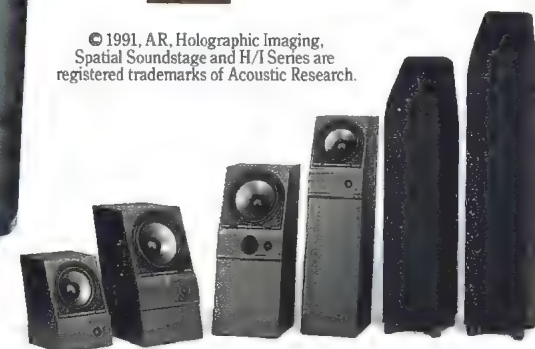
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Clockwise from above: Irrepressible energy from Ratcat; Pat Benatar dives into blues and boogie; back to the Sixties with the Yardbirds; Chris Bailey wrestles with demons and comes up with the goods.





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THE JUNGLE MELTING POT

While there are many bizarre places in the world, and while weirdness itself is relative ("Strange to be anywhere," is how the poet W.S. Merwin puts it), my vote for the strangest place in the world right now is the town of Kourou, in French Guiana on the Mosquito Coast of South America.

Tell people you are going on a tour of Guyana, Suriname and French Guiana and they'll guess "Africa" nine times out of ten. Step off the plane into the thick, humid soup of Cayenne, French Guiana, and you'll think their guess was right. No romantic South American idylls here. This is jungle country, with a colonial air straight out of the old African Gold Coast.

For one thing, there is a raucous ethnic and cultural mix that reminds you of some parts of Africa. Cayenne — yes, the pepper is named after the town, and yes, the climate is hot enough to deserve it — is home to large numbers of Creoles, French colonials, Brazilian immigrants, Haitian refugees, Algerian *pied-noirs*, Hindi merchants, suave Venezuelans, even an ugly American or two.

I'd like to be able to tell you that everyone gets along fine in this over-spiced ethnic broth, but by all accounts they don't, and there is plenty of bickering and outright violence. It would make a perfect setting for a novel by the late Graham Greene. On top of everything, everyone speaks French, which is a volatile language when spoken at high speed and volume, apt

to coat the listener with a fine mist of spittle.

I came to French Guiana because I had heard there was, in the making, a boom town of ludicrous proportions at Kourou, 60 kms up the coast from Cayenne and opposite the famous French penal colony at Devil's Island. The French closed the prison on the island in 1947, but the first

"There is a heavy dose of Marseilles in Kourou, a flavoring of the French underworld."

thing you notice about Kourou is that it holds some faint echo of desperation from all the poor devils who died there.

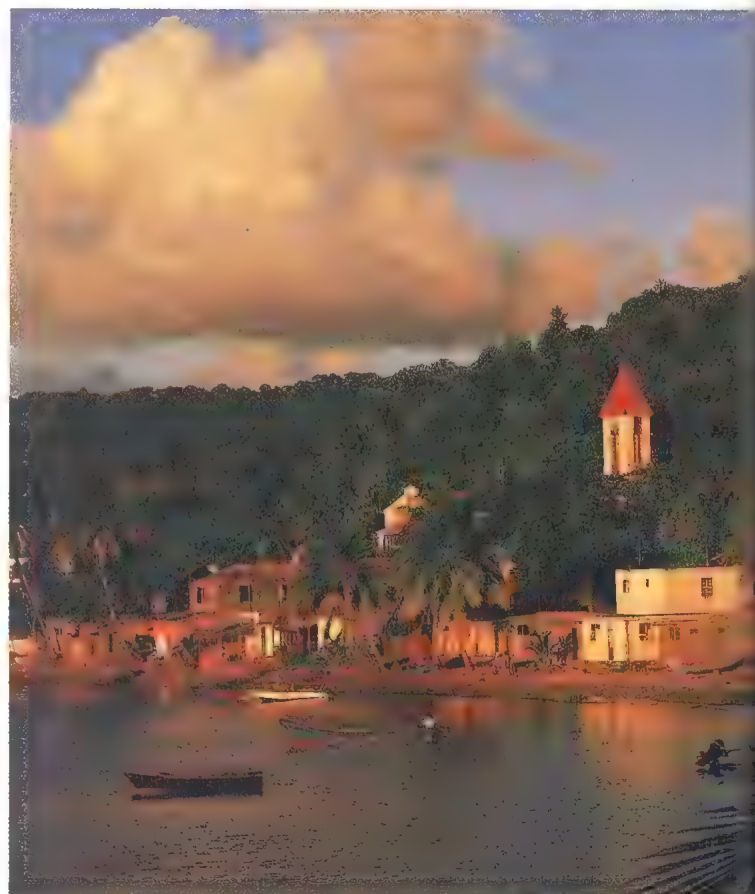
You can charter a boat in Kourou and take a tour out to the penal colony, but the island itself is famously unapproachable. Besides, you get the feeling that every time you turn your back on the town itself you may miss something, like a dagger flying your way.

The strange thing about Kourou is that the boom is the result of space exploration — something which seems as far from this jungle city as the moon itself. The European Space Agency, aka ArianeSpace, which sends Ariane rockets bolting into the blue every two or three months, is based here. My physics is pretty rusty, but it has something to do with the benefits gained from lifting rockets off so near the Equator, which is only 600 or so kilometres to the south.

Whatever the reason, France's space push has put about 1000 European technocrats down in the

middle of the jungle. It has poured huge amounts of outside capital into construction projects. And it has drawn hordes of hustlers, pimps, prostitutes, parasites and commensals to this little Babylon-in-the-making.

The French Government wants to make ArianeSpace work, so they have tried to make whole neighborhoods of Kourou into facsimiles of France. St Blandine's, a restaurant that catered to the French *petit bourgeoisie* space workers, allowed me to close one eye and imagine I was in the Fifth Arrondissement in Paris. But then I walked out on to the street and had my sleeve tugged by a mulatto hooker who said she'd give me a complete around-the-world for only 500 francs — about \$20.



Kourou has always been a jumping-off point to oblivion — for Devil's Island, earlier in the century, or to space today. I've never been anywhere that jangled my nerves quite so much. There is a heavy dose of Marseilles in Kourou, a flavoring of the French underworld. Only here, the French are just one mob among many, competing with Haitians, Creoles and Brazilians for a piece of the pie.

"Come back when we fire up the big stick," said one out-of-place British engineer, the only English-speaking person I met during the whole time I was in Kourou. It would be pretty spectacular, seeing an Ariane rocket lift off from this rain-soaked jungle. The only thing I would worry about would be turning my back on Kourou to watch it fly. 



enter the
Gateway Club
Night and Day

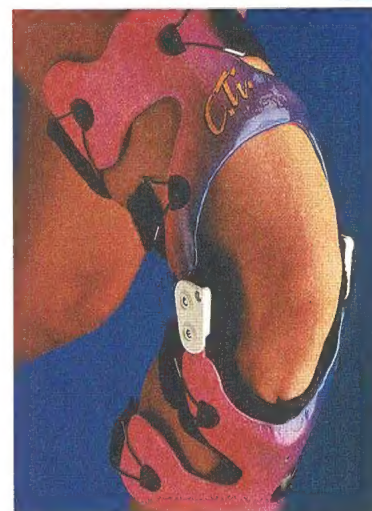
474 Parramatta Rd Petersham Sydney • Private Rear Entrance • Parking in Queen St
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LOOSE ENDS

For sportsmen, the CTi2 custom knee brace is a state-of-the-art unit designed for high strength and super-light weight. It's made of carbon-titanium and provides a six-point support system with padding to ensure a precise fit. A revolutionary fitting system allows for accurate computer analysis and telephone ordering.

Options include custom air-brushing, ski boot attachment and patella cup. The brace is available from Innovation Sports, phone (02) 545 1559 or fax (02) 545 1791.

BIONIC KNEES



ARMOR PLATED

Such is the exquisite detail and authenticity of the suits of armor, breastplates, broadswords and chain mail being made by the House of Diekunst that craftsman Philip Barnes is receiving orders from Europe and Britain. All custom-made steel work is the speciality of this unusual Sydney company. Dedicated to perfection and the expression of fluid motion in hard steel, 25-year-old Barnes is a master of armory and a talented steel sculptor of unique art pieces, including representations of the female form. Given the work that goes into them, small individual pieces are reasonable in price (steel gauntlets start at around \$175), and suits like the custom-made Gothic one pictured at left will set you back around \$10,000. Decorative suits start at around \$2000. The range of Barnes' work has to be seen to be believed. For information or a brochure, phone The House of Diekunst on (02) 534 4424.



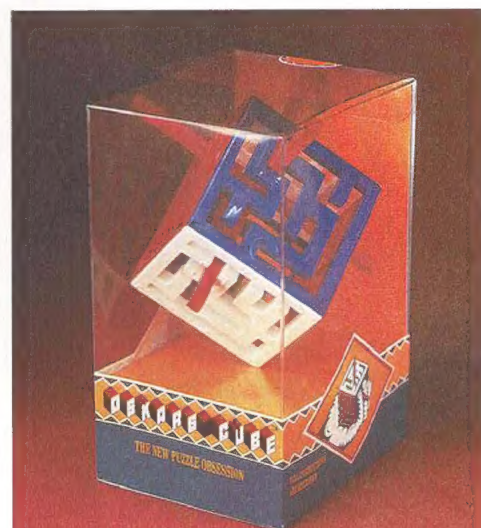
FIVE TENNIS

With the Five Ten range you get all the technology of a rock-climbing boot in a sports shoe. The High Five boot and Five Tennis shoe are made by the manufacturers of the world's finest rock-climbing boots. Rugged and comfortable, the soles are made of Stealth rubber, the highest-friction rubber ever created. They cost around \$149 from Paddy Pallin stores.



CRAZY CUBE

Oscar's cube, invented by Dutch computer whiz Oscar van Deventer, is a new puzzle that will test your patience and have you gritting your teeth. Each side of the cube is a maze, and they're all different. The end result is a 3D invisible labyrinth within the cube, through which you have to manoeuvre the cross-beam in a given time. Puzzle fiends will love this one. It's available for around \$15 from major department stores or from Intergames on (02) 660 2800.

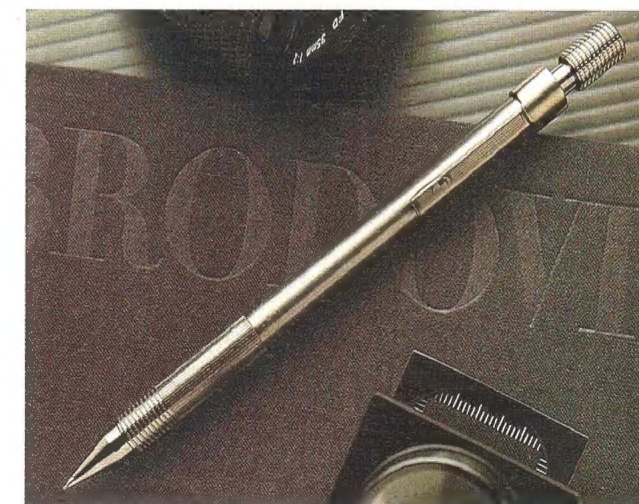


TIME TO GO

The Circuit is a stylishly designed and reliable travel or desk clock from the European company Spirix. Handy and affordable (rrp \$49), the Circuit is made of sturdy ABS plastic and features luminous points. It folds up neatly for packing, has a loud beep alarm, and comes with a 12-month guarantee. For stockists Australia-wide, phone Unlimited Concepts on (02) 319 0100.

WIN WITH FABER-CASTELL

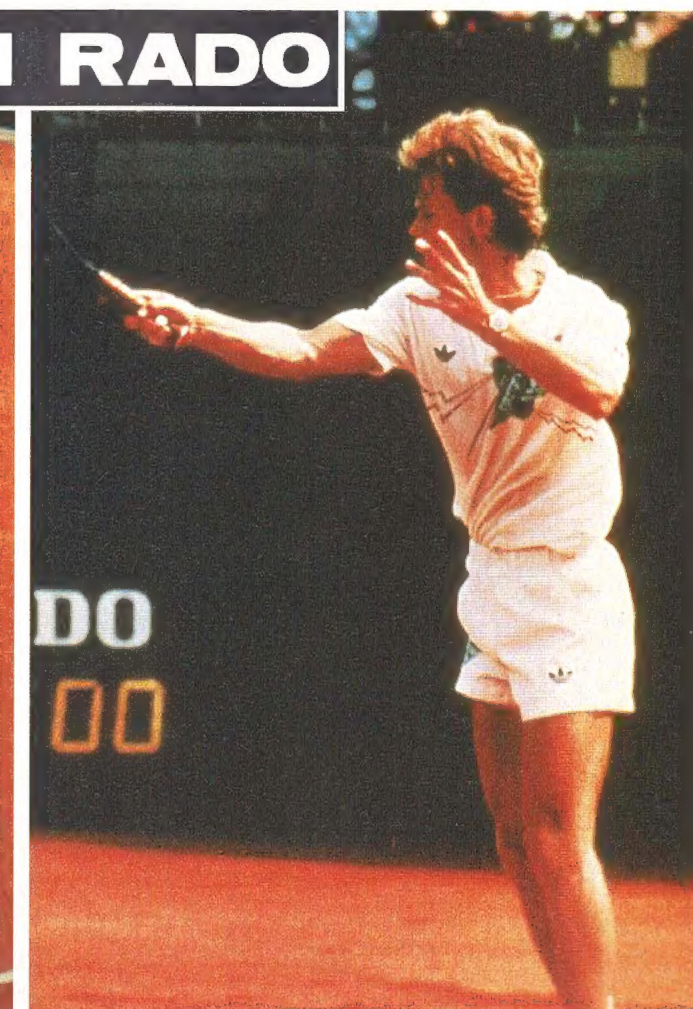
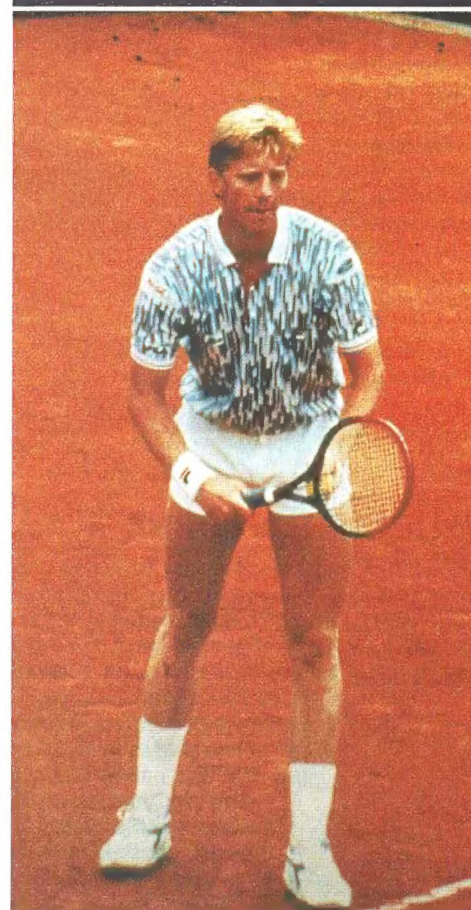
Like all products from the German company Faber-Castell, the newly available Alpha-matic exemplifies streamlined European design and the very latest technology. And *Penthouse* is giving away ten of them this month. This executive pencil, which retails for \$150, is the top of range from the company that has been manufacturing and marketing quality writing, drawing and designing instruments since 1761. It features a precision point, the first full automatic lead feed in the world, and is finished in durable matt black titanium with finger grip and clip. To win an Alpha-matic, simply write your name and address on the back of an envelope and address it to Faber-Castell Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42 Cammeray, 2062. Entries close Friday, September 20, 1991. Winners will be the first ten entries drawn at random.



Rado, makers of the highest quality hi-tech Swiss watches, this month offer three *Penthouse* readers the chance to be in a VIP box for the final of the Australian Indoor Tennis Championships at the Sydney Entertainment Centre on October 6, 1991. The three lucky winners will be guests of Rado Australian Management for the showdown between the world's top tennis players. And for 20 runners-up, Rado, the market leader in Switzerland and sponsors and timekeepers on the international tennis circuit, will provide gift packs of their promotional items which include tennis T-shirts, hats, and sporting bags.

To be there at the action, write your name, address, phone number and preferred T-shirt size on the back of an envelope along with the answer to this question: What material are the new Rado "Ceramica" watches made from? Send your entry to: RADO COMPETITION, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. And hurry — entries close Friday, September 13, 1991. Winners and runners-up will be the first 23 correct entries drawn. Winners of tickets will be notified by phone, and all winners' names will be published in this section in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

WIN WITH RADO



LOOSE ENDS

FANTASTIC FEATHERS

For clothing to flirt in, there's a dynamic, stylish range of gear from Symbols. The idea behind the Symbols label is to offer women quality clothing that makes them feel terrific — glamorous, feminine and sexy. The garments are intended to enhance the body, using sheer fabrics and innovative design to give a striking, statuesque appeal. Great for confidence and wild nights out. Inquiries can be directed to the following agents around Australia: (02) 212 5188; (09) 324 1209; (08) 223 2511; (07) 844 8049; (03) 417 3144.



Bolle, the sunglasses people, have been working on a range of protective specs for water activities. Pictured are their fishing glasses, which have French nylon frames and polarised acrylic lenses which offer 100 percent UV protection as well as glare reduction. There is a choice of three frame colors and the glasses cost around \$120 from department stores and optical outlets.

SOMETHING FISHY



WIN WITH OSBORNE

Osborne Computers has just launched a brand new, gutsy-as-hell 386/25 laptop. Currently the most powerful laptop in Australia, it has two megabytes of memory, a 20 mgb internal hard disk, a 3.5" 1.44 mgb internal floppy, a 640 x 480 LCD screen — all packed into a 6.4kg clamshell case. It's compatible with Microsoft Windows 3, the latest in software technology. To celebrate the launch of the 386/25, Osborne has one set of Microsoft Windows program discs, together with a user's manual and an Osborne mouse (worth \$400 all up), to give away to a *Penthouse* reader. Write your name and address on the back of an envelope and post it to Microsoft Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42 Cammeray NSW 2062. The winner will be the first entry drawn. Entries close Friday, September 20. And if you want to know more about the 386/25, contact Osborne on (02) 901 0000.



HIGH STYLE

The ZF4000 jacket from High Sierra is a multi-purpose three-in-one garment suitable for any outdoors activity. The outer shell is wind- and waterproof with adjustable cuffs, storm flaps, inner and outer pockets and a high zip-up collar. The zip-out liner is heavy, double-sided polyester and is well finished as a complete jacket on its own. The jackets come in various contrasting colors and are available for around \$295 from Musto (Australia) of Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, phone (02) 360 5455.

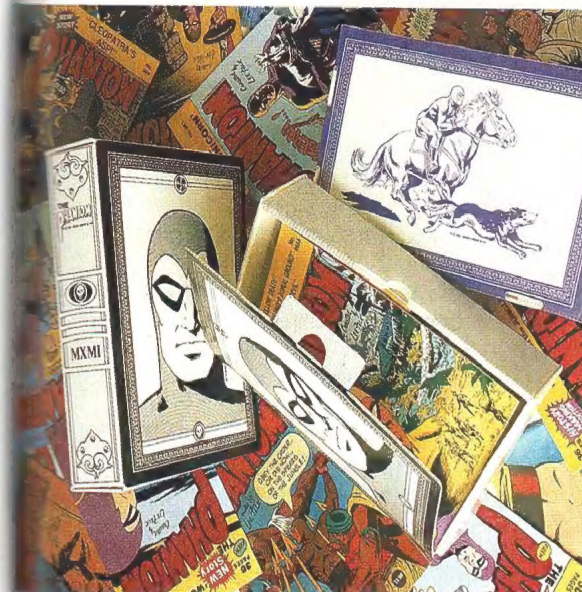
BUSH BEST

From Thomas Cook, the true blue Aussie clothing company that fitted out the crew of *The Man From Snowy River 2*, a selection of tough but classic adventure clothing that will take you anywhere. Pictured here: suede dogger boots with leather soles (\$179), black and burgundy arrow-tipped belts (\$29), eight-foot leather and cane stockwhip (\$89), quilted Kozi vest (\$149). Mae vests with 15 water-repellent pockets (\$149), and classic rabbit-fur felt stockman's hat (\$69). All gear available from Thomas Cook Boot & Clothing Co, Victoria phone (03) 417 7555 or NSW phone (02) 212 6616.



DIRECT FROM THE CAVE

All you Phantom fans out there will be overjoyed to learn that now you can keep your comics safe from marauders in a special Australian-made plastic Phantom box! Yes, those derring-do tales of the Guardian Of The Eastern Dark can now be passed down through the centuries without curly corners because they have been kept in a lightweight, washable Phantom Chronicles Comic Case that is as tough as ten tigers (old jungle saying.) Makers claim that, apart from these cases' uncanny ability to store more than a year's worth of Phantom comics, their alternate uses are limited only by their owners' imagination. Pencil boxes, lunch boxes, tackle boxes, stash boxes, and more! In black or purple, they sell for \$12 each by mail order through TTM Marketing, PO Box 2201, Dangar, NSW 2309. For enquiries phone (049) 721 333.



THE HOT SPOT

At the top of the list for mid-winter it has to be Cairns. Apart from the obvious attractions, Cairns happens to be one of the most erotically charged places on Earth. Why? Who cares? Just go there. Cairns Village Resort, a low-rise colonial-style luxury resort set in five acres of landscaped tropical gardens, is the perfect base for forays into the throbbing heart of the Carnal Coast. Phone them on (070) 547700 or fax (070) 547750.





Pet Of The Month, Western Australia's Vanda Mackenzie

INSIDE OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Suicide Tours — More than 250,000 Australians visit Thailand annually — most of them single men. The reason? It's one of the few places in the world where you can buy the girl of your dreams for \$30 a night. But these days the prices stay low because the risk gets higher. A recent survey revealed that 40 percent of Bangkok's prostitutes tested positive for HIV. And they're passing the disease on to tourists. *October Australian Penthouse* documents the dangers of Thai sex tours.

A Dying Breed? — Motor sport has never been as popular as it is now — nor as vulnerable. All the biggest names are on the wrong side of 40, so too are the majority of fans, and if things don't change quickly, in a decade the sport could be comparable to bowls — a show run by pensioners for pensioners. Where are all the young race aces? *Penthouse* investigates next month.

Who Cares Who Wins? — Details of the selection course for the Australian Army's elite SAS have always been kept under wraps. But just how hard, how gruelling, how psychologically torturous could this mysterious two-week ordeal be? In next month's *Penthouse* a survivor tells all. Don't miss this riveting read.

Pet Of The Month — Western Australia's Vanda Mackenzie is an up-front Leo who loves life, people and being outrageous. Catch up with Vanda on her travels when she visits the wide, white beaches of the Whitsundays in next month's *Penthouse*.

LEGION OF THE DAMNED

Continued from page 92

Nowadays, however, assault by instructors is punishable by a prison sentence of up to six years.

Apart from that, there have been other changes since the Socialists came to power in Madrid. When Police Commissioner Tejero shot down a piece of the Parliament's ceiling in 1982, as a signal for the uprising against the young Spanish Democracy, the Legion was ready to attack. The ammunition was distributed, leave was cancelled and the Legionaries even carried their guns with them into the canteen. But they were never summoned.

Since then, the military has realised who has the power in the State — the Madrid pacifists. And the Left, so the saying goes, has its hands on the heritage of the Right. Foreigners are no longer allowed to join the Legion, and its numbers have been reduced to 6000.

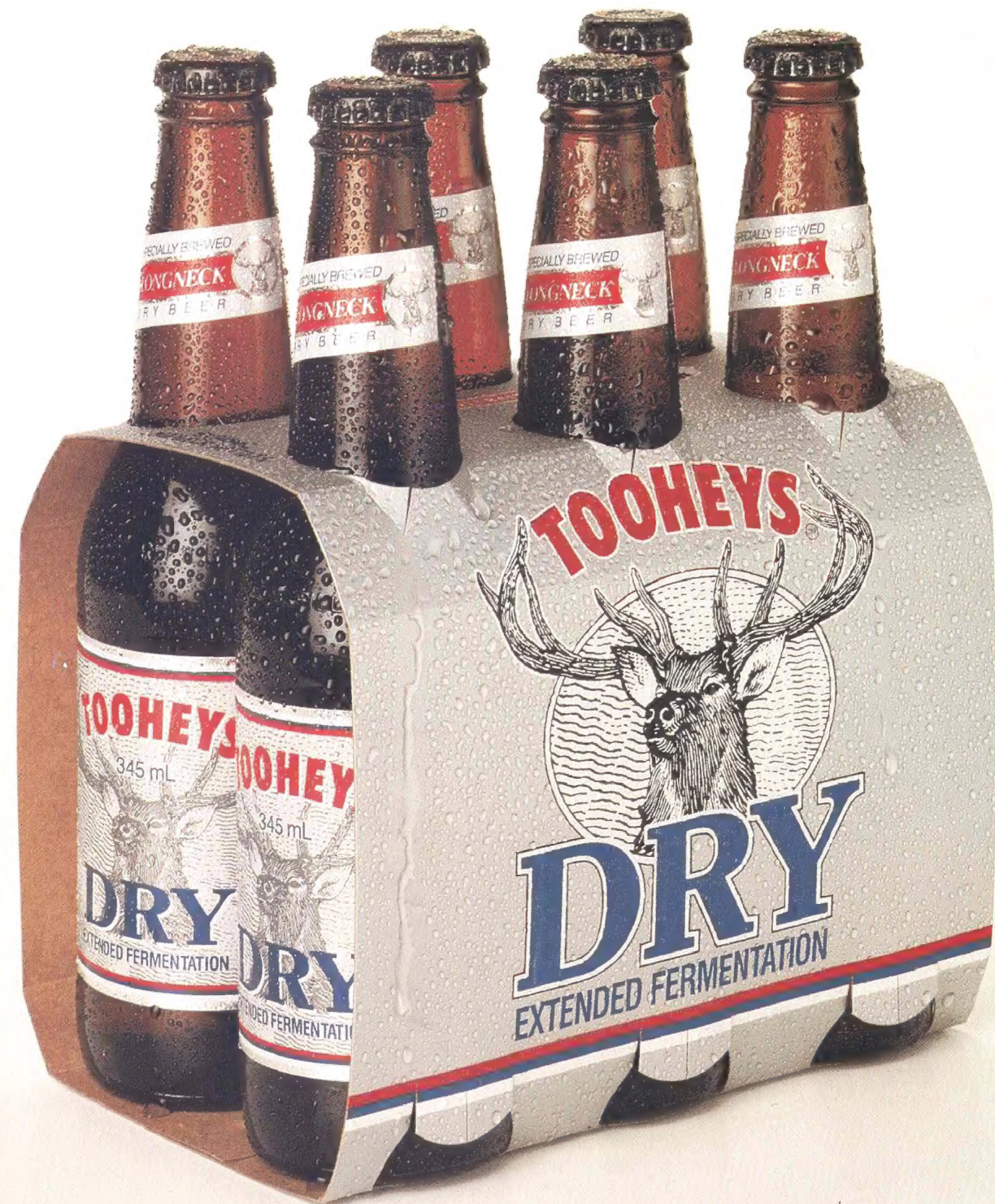
The future of the Legion is in doubt. One idea has been to use it as an attack reserve — a group which can move fast to anywhere in the world at 48 hours' notice.

As an experiment with this in mind, a special group of Legionaries was sent to Ronda in southern Spain to train with German forces. NATO standards applied — there were no open shirts, no tattoos, no beards this time. In effect, they had cleaned up their act; their drug intake had been reduced to zero and they were behaving like soldiers. They were crisp, proud of themselves and looking forward to comparing strengths with crack German troops.

But when the Germans arrived, the Spanish were disappointed. The German commander was an arrogant alcoholic. A large number of his soldiers had trouble with the long marches and registered sick. Others bought hashish in Ronda in such quantities that dealers began waiting at the train station in order to supply them. The Germans, it was felt, lacked the toughness and spirit of adventure of the Legion.

Where to next? Men like Willi don't give a damn. He's staying put in Fuerteventura. He has finally left the Legion, but only after getting his varicose veins treated in preparation for his new job — protecting the guests in a local holiday resort from deserting and thieving Legionaries.

Jorg Weber has had an offer from a private detective agency in Germany, and will open a new office in Fuerteventura, to help Germans there. Adolf Dahme is now Spanish and is drinking away his pension. And the British killer, Mickey, is on his way to South Africa to fight for the survival of apartheid. He needs to hurry, though, or he'll be too late again. 



SIX APPEAL

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

What makes the exciting new Suzuki Across the choice four-stroke quarter litre urban sports machine?

Maybe it's the unique weather proof lockable storage compartment that holds a full-face helmet and has a thousand other uses in a big city.

Then again, maybe there's more to it.

We think its four-cylinder liquid-cooled engine plays a big part. It makes the most power in the class and runs smoother than anything else. We know it produces the biggest fun quotient.

It could also have to do with the physical size of the Across. This is not your "typical" 250cc machine. It's a comfortable full-size road bike with stunning big bike looks and feel.

All these things make Suzuki's radical new Across the choice of the class.

But the storage compartment makes it an open and shut case.



Remote-operated fuel filler cap.

 **SUZUKI**

Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.

● Please read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Enjoy riding safely.



Stylish full fairing and 4-into-1 exhaust